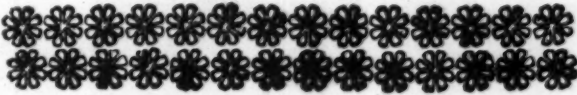


PHILOMEL.



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Prin

PHILOMEL.

K
BEING A SMALL
COLLECTION

OF

ONLY THE BEST

English SONGS.



L O N D O N :

Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in
Pater-noster-Row. 1744.

PHILLOMEL

BEING A STATE

OF MOTION

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267

English Sonnet



LONDON

Printed by J. B. Nichols, at the Office of the
Printer, in the Strand



SONG I.

MISTAKEN fair, lay *Sberlock* by,
His doctrine is deceiving ;
For whilst he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
Too soon, without a master ;
Then let us only study now
How we may live the faster.
To live's to love, to blefs, be blest
With mutual inclination ;
Share then my ardour in your breast,
And kindly meet my passion.
But if thus blest'd I may not live,
And pity you deny,
To me at least your *Sberlock* give,
'Tis I must learn to die.

SONG II.

WHen *Fanny* blooming fair
First caught my ravish'd sight,
Pleas'd with her shape and air,
I felt a strange delight :
Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry part,
And ev'ry feature prais'd,
She stole into my heart.
In her bewitching eyes
Ten thousand loves appear ;
There *Cupid* basking lies,
His shafts are hoarded there.

A

Her

Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
 With colour all their own,
 Excelling far the pride
 Of roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess
 The lucky hand of *Jove*;
 Her features all express

The beauteous queen of love:
 What flames my nerves invade,
 When I behold the breast
 Of that too charming maid
 Rise, suing to be prest!

Venus round *Fanny's* waist,
 Has her own *Cessus* bound,
 There guardian *Cupids* grace,
 And dance the circle round.

How happy must he be,
 Who shall her zone unloose!
 That bliss to all, but me,
 May heaven and she refuse.

SONG III.

WHenever, *Cbloe*, I begin
 Your heart, like mine, to move,
 You tell me of the crying sin
 Of unchaste lawless love.

How can that passion be a sin,
 Which gave to *Cbloe* birth?
 How can those joys but be divine,
 Which make a heaven on earth?

To wed, mankind the priests trapann'd,
 By some sly fallacy,
 And disobey'd God's great command,
 Increase and multiply.

You say that love's a crime; content:
 Yet this allow you must,
 More joy's in heav'n if one repent,
 Than over ninety just.

Sin

[3]

Sin then, dear girl, for heaven's sake,
Repent, and be forgiven ;
Bless me, then by repentance make
A holiday in heav'n.

SONG IV.

I Said to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or
aching,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime or what
nation,
By turns, has not taught thee a pit-a-pat-ation ?
Thus accus'd, the wild thing gave this sober reply :
See the heart without motion, tho' *Celia* pass'd by ;
Not the beauty she has, nor the wit that she borrows,
Gives the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.
When our *Sappho* appears, she whose wit's so re-
fin'd,
I am forc'd to applaud, with the rest of mankind :
Whatever she says, is with spirit and fire ;
Ev'ry word I attend, but I only admire.
Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on heaven, tho' man is her aim :
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes,
Those stars of this world are too good for the skies.
But *Chloe*, so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care,
When she comes in my way, the motion, the pain,
The leaping, the achings, return all again.
O wonderful creature ! a woman of reason !
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season :
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Wou'd one think Mrs. *H—d* ne'er dream'd it was
she ?

SONG V.

Apollo, once finding fair *Daphne* alone,
Discover'd his love in a passionate tone,
He told her, and bound it with many a curse ;
He was ready to take her for better and worse :

A 2

Then

Then talk'd of the smart,
 And the hole in his heart
 So large, one might drive thro' the passage a cart.
 But the silly coy maid, to the god's great amazement,
 Sprung away from his arms, and leap'd thro' the
 casement.

He following, cry'd out, my life, and my dear,
 Return to your lover, and lay by your fear ;
 You think me, perhaps, some scoundrel, or whoreson ;
 Alas ! I've no wicked design on your person.

I'm a god by my trade,
 Young, plump, and well made ;
 Then let me caress thee, and be not afraid.
 But still she kept running, and flew like the wind,
 While the poor purfy god came panting behind.

I'm the chief of physicians, and none of the college
 Must be mention'd with me, for experience and
 knowledge ;

Each herb, flow'r, and plant, by its name I can call,
 And do more than the best seventh son of them all.

With my powder and pills,
 I cure all the ills
 That sweep off such numbers each week in the bills.
 But still she kept running, and flew like the wind,
 While the poor purfy god came panting behind.

Besides I'm a poet, child, into the bargain,
 And top all the writers of fam'd *Covent-garden* ;
 I'm the prop of the stage, and the pattern of wit ;
 I set my own sonnets, and sing to my kit :

I'm at *Will's* all the day
 And each night at the play,
 And verses I make fast as hops, as they say.
 When she heard him talk thus, she redoubled her
 speed,

And flew like a whore from a constable freed.

Now had our wise lover (but lovers are blind)
 In the language of *Lombard-street*, told her his mind ;
 Look, lady, what here is, 'tis plenty of money ;
 O d bubs, I must swinge thee, my joy, and my honey.

[5]

I sit next the chair,
And shall shortly be mayor,
Neither *Clayton* nor *Duncomb* with me can compare:
'Tho' as wrinkled as *Prim*, as deform'd as the devil,
The god had succeeded, the nymph had been civil.

SONG VI.

DEar *Colin*, prevent my warm blushes,
Since how can I speak without pain?
My eyes have oft told you my wishes,
Oh can't you their meaning explain?
My passion would lose by expression,
And you too might cruelly blame;
Then don't you expect a confession
Of what is too tender to name:
Since yours is the province of speaking,
Why should you expect it from me?
Our wishes should be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they should be.
Then quickly why don't you discover?
Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,
I need not tell over and over
What I in my bosom confine.

SONG VII.

DEar madam, when ladies are willing,
A man needs must look like a fool,
For me, I would not give a shilling
For one that can love out of rule:
At least you should wait for our offers,
Nor snatch like old maids in despair;
If you've liv'd to these years without profers,
Your sighs are now lost in the air.
You should leave us to guess at your meaning,
And not speak the matter too plain;
'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,
And yours to affect a disdain:

A 3

That

That you're in a terrible taking,
 By all your fond oglings I see:
 But the fruit that will fall without shaking,
 Indeed is too mellow for me.

S O N G VIII.

HOW hardly I conceal my tears!
 How oft did I complain!
 When many tedious days my fears
 Told me, I lov'd in vain.
 But now my joys as wild are grown,
 And hard to be conceal'd;
 Sorrow may make a silent moan,
 But joy will be reveal'd.
 I tell it to the bleating flocks,
 To ev'ry stream and tree,
 And bless the hollow murmuring rocks,
 For echoing back to me.
 Thus you may see with how much joy
 We, what we wish, believe;
 'Tis hard such passion to destroy,
 But easy to deceive.

S O N G IX.

S*Trepben*, when you see me fly,
 Why should that your fear create?
 Maids may be as often shy,
 Out of love, as out of hate:
 When from you I fly away,
 'Tis because I fear to stay.
 Did I out of hatred run,
 Less would be my pain and care;
 But the youth I love, to shun!
 Who could such a trial bear?
 Who, that such a swain did see,
 Who could love, and fly like me?
 Cruel duty bids me go;
 Gentle love commands my stay;
 Duty's still to love a foe;
 Shall I this or that obey?

Duty

Duty frowns, and *Cupid* smiles ;
That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever, by this crystal stream,
I could sit and see thee sigh,
Ravish'd with this pleasing dream.

Oh! 'tis worse than death to fly !
But the danger is so great,
Fear gives wings instead of feet.

If you love me, *Strepson*, leave me ;
If you stay, I am undone :

Oh! you may with ease deceive me ;
Prithee, charming boy, be gone :
The gods decree, that we must part ;
They have my vow, but you my heart.

SONG X.

WHat beauties does *Flora* disclose !
How sweet are her smiles upon *Tweed* !

Yet *Mary*'s still sweeter than those ;
Both nature and fancy exceed.

Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,
Not *Tweed* gliding gently thro' those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The black-bird and sweet-cooing dove,
With musick enchant ev'ry bush.

Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some village on *Tweed*,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?
Does *Mary* not 'tend a few sheep ?

Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep ?

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest ;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,

To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excell,
 No beauty with her may compare ;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
 Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed ;
 Shall I seek them on sweet-winding *Tay*,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the *Tweed* ?

S O N G XI.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
 I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me ;
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her :
 At the bonny bush aboon *Traquair*,
 'Twas there I first did love her.
 That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender ;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.
 Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
 The fields we then frequented ;
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in *May*,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember ;
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in *December*.
 Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should *Peggy* grieve me ?
 Oh ! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me.

If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender,
 I'll leave the bush aboon *Traquair*,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

SONG XII.

BRight *Cynthia*'s power divinely great,
 What heart is not obeying?
 A thousand *Cupids* on her wait,
 And in her eyes are playing.
 She seems the queen of love to reign;
 For she alone dispenses
 Such sweets as best can entertain
 The gust of all the senses.
 Her face a charming prospect brings,
 Her breath gives balmy blisses;
 I hear an angel when she sings,
 And taste of heaven in kisses.
 Four senses thus she feasts with joy,
 From nature's richest treasure:
 Let me the other sense employ,
 And I shall die with pleasure.

SONG XIII.

YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
 Approach from your sports and attend to my strain.
 Amongst all your number a lover so true,
 Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.
 Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
 But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.
 She calls me her friend, but her lover denies:
 She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my sighs.
 A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
 Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair!
 I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears;
 Her answer confounds, while her manner endears:

When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bless her, in spite of my grief.

By night while I slumber, still haunted with care,
I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair:
The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so!
And only when dreaming imagine my woe.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
Nor think she shou'd love, whom she cannot admire:
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
Commend her to heav'n, and thyself to the grave.

S O N G X I V .

BLeft as th' immortal god's is he,
The youth that fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost!

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away!

S O N G X V .

Whilst I gaze on *Chloe* trembling,
Strait her eyes my fate declare;
When she smiles I fear dissembling,
When she frowns I then despair.

Jealous

[II]

Jealous of some rival lover,
 If a wand'ring look she give;
 Fain I would resolve to leave her,
 But can sooner cease to live.
 Why should I conceal my passion,
 Or the torments I endure?
 I'll disclose my inclination:
 Awful distance yields no cure.
 Sure it is not in her nature,
 To be cruel to her slave;
 She is too divine a creature
 To destroy what she can save.
 Happy's he whose inclination
 Warms but with a gentle heat:
 Never mounts to raging passion,
 Love's a torment if too great.
 When the storm is once blown over,
 Soon the ocean quiet grows;
 But a constant faithful lover
 Seldom meets with true repose.

S O N G XVI.

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the damask rose,
 Soft as the down of turtle dove,
 Gentle as winds when Zephyr blows,
 Refreshing as descending rains,
 To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.
 True as the needle to the pole,
 Or as the dial to the sun,
 Constant as gliding waters roll,
 Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
 From every other charmer free,
 My life and love shall follow thee.
 The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
 The dam the tender kid pursues,
 Sweet *Philomel*, in shady bowers
 Of verdant spring, her notes renews;

All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
And vary as the seasons rise ;
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer the approach of autumn flies :
No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;
And marble towers and walls of brass
In his rude march he levels low :
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart
The gentle godhead can remove,
And drive him from the bleeding heart
To mingle with the blest above,
Where known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister fair, the soul,
Twin-born, from heaven together came :
Love will the universe controul,
When dying seasons lose their name ;
Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
When time and death shall be no more.

S O N G X V I I .

*A*lexis shunn'd his fellow swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains,
(Heaven guard us all from *Cupid's* bow ;)
He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And wand'ring through the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
His grief some pity, others blame ;

The

The fatal cause all kindly seek :
 He mingled his concern with theirs,
 He gave them back their friendly tears,
 He sigh'd ; but could not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest,
 And she too kind concern express'd,
 And ask'd the reason of his woe ;
 She ask'd ; but with an air and mein,
 As made it easily foreseen,
 She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,
 And will you pardon me, he said,
 While I the cruel truth reveal ?
 Which nothing from my breast should tear,
 Which never should offend your ear ;
 But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
 Since you appear'd upon the plain ;
 You are the cause of all my care ;
 Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart ;
 Ten thousand torments vex'd my heart ;
 I love, and I despair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,
 'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd ;
 And yet I pardon you, she cry'd :
 But you shall promise, ne'er again
 To breathe your vows, or speak your pain.
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

S O N G XVIII.

S'Elinda sure's the brightest thing,
 That decks the earth, or breathes our air ;
 Mild are her looks like opening spring,
 And like the blooming summer fair,
 But then her wit's so very small,
 That all her charms appear to lye,
 Like glaring colours on a wall,
 And strike no farther than the eye.

Our

Our eyes luxuriously she treats,
 Our ears are absent from the feast,
 One sense is surfeited with sweets,
 Starv'd or disgusted are the rest.
 So have I seen with aspect bright,
 And taudry pride, a tulip swell,
 Blooming and beauteous to the sight,
 Dull and insipid to the smell.

S O N G X I X .

YE virgins powers, defend my heart,
 From amorous looks and smiles ;
 From saucy love, or nicer art,
 Which most our sex beguiles.
 From sighs and vows, and awful fears,
 That do to pity move ;
 From speaking silence, and from tears,
 Those springs that water love.
 But if thro' passion I grow blind,
 Let honour be my guide ;
 And when frail nature seems inclin'd,
 There place a guard of pride.
 An heart, whose flames are seen, tho' pure,
 Needs every virtue's aid ;
 And she, who thinks herself secure,
 The soonest is betray'd.

S O N G X X .

MY dear mistress has a heart,
 Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
 When with love's resistless art,
 And her eyes she did enslave me ;
 But her constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild and apt to wander,
 That my jealous heart would break,
 Shou'd we live one day afunder.

Melting

Melting joys about her move,
 Killing pleasures, wounding blisses ;
 She can drest her eyes in love,
 And her lips can arm with kisses.
 Angels listen when she speaks ;
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;
 But my jealous heart would break,
 Shou'd we live one day asunder.

S O N G X X I .

MAY the ambitious ever find
 Success in crowds and noise,
 While gentle love does fill my mind
 With silent real joys.
 May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
 And all the world think them wise,
 While I lye at my *Nanny's* feet,
 And all the world despise.
 Let conquering kings new triumphs raise,
 And melt in court delights :
 Her eyes can give much brighter days,
 Her arms much softer nights.

S O N G X X I I .

Woman, thoughtless giddy creature !
 Laughing, idle, flutt'ring thing !
 Most fantastick work of nature !
 Still, like fancy, on the wing.
 Slave to ev'ry changing passion,
 Loving, hating, in extream ;
 Fend of ev'ry foolish fashion,
 And, at best, a pleasing dream.
 Lovely trifle ! dear illusion !
 Conqu'ring weakness ! wish'd-for pain !
 Man's chief glory, and confusion,
 Of all vanities most vain.

Thus,

Thus, deriding beauty's power,
Bevil call'd it all a cheat ;
 But in less than half an hour,
 Kneel'd and whin'd at *Celia's* feet.

S O N G XXIII.

AS *Chloris*, full of harmless thought,
 Beneath a myrtle lay,
 Kind love a youthful shepherd brought,
 To pass the time away.
 She blush'd to be encounter'd so,
 And chid the am'rous swain ;
 But as she strove to rise and go,
 He pull'd her down again.
 A sudden passion seiz'd her heart,
 In spite of her disdain ;
 She found a pulse in ev'ry part,
 And love in ev'ry vein.
 Ah ! gods ! said she, what charms are these,
 That conquer and surprize ?
 Oh ! let me—for unless you please,
 I have no power to rise.
 She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
 For fear he should comply ;
 Her looks and eyes her heart betray,
 And gave her tongue the lye.
 Thus she, who princes had deny'd,
 With all their pomp and train,
 Was in the lucky minute try'd,
 And yielded to a swain.

S O N G XXIV.

MY days have been so wond'rous free,
 The little birds that fly,
 With careless ease, from tree to tree,
 Were not so blest as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream ?
 Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
 I lent a sigh to them ?
 But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught :
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought.
 An eager hope within my breast
 Does every doubt controul ;
 And lovely *Nancy* stands confess
 The favourite of my soul.
 Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
 Ye close retreats of love ;
 With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design,
 O teach a young unpractis'd heart,
 To make her ever mine.
 The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair,
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.
 'Tis true, the passion in my mind
 Is mix'd with soft distress ;
 Yet while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

SONG XXV.

ALL in the *Downs* the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd *Susan* came on board ;
 Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet *William* sails among the crew ?

William,

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro :
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below :
 The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast
 (If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear)
 And drops at once into her nest :

The noblest captain in the *British* fleet
 Might envy *William's* lips those kisses sweet.

O *Susan*, *Susan*, lovely dear !
 My vows shall ever true remain,
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again :
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
 They'll tell thee, sailors when away,
 In every port a mistress find :
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair *India's* coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamond's bright ;
 Thy breath is *Africk's* spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white :
 Thus every beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely *Sus*.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms ;
 Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn,
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return ;
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from *Susan's* eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread,
 No longer must she stay on board ;
 They kiss'd ; she sigh'd ; he hung his head :

Her

Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu, she cries ; and wav'd her lilly hand.

S O N G XXVI.

DEspairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid ;

And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.

The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;

And the brook in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas ! silly swain that I was,
(Thus sadly complaining he cry'd)

When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd !

She talk'd, and I blest her dear tongue,
When she smil'd, it was pleasure too great :

I listen'd, and cry'd when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet ?

How foolish was I to believe,
She could doat on so homely a clown,

Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine folk of the town ?

To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove ;

Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love.

What tho' I have skill to complain,
Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd,

What tho' when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around :

Ah *Colin* ! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,

Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
Whose musick is sweeter than thine.

All you my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,

Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.

Tho

Tho' thro' the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly ;
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground :
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypresses and yew ;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array ;
 Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolick it all the long day :
 While *Colin*, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

SONG XXVII.

'Twas when the seas were roaring,
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A dam'el lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd.
 Wide o'er the roaring billows,
 She cast a wishful look ;
 Her head was crown'd with willows
 That trembled o'er the brook.
 Twelve months were gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days ;
 Why didst thou vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?
 Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest :
 Ah ! what's thy troubled motion,
 To that within my breast ?
 The merchant robb'd of treasure,
 Views tempests in despair ;
 But what's the loss of treasure,
 To losing of my dear !

Shoa'd

Shou'd you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain ;
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain ?

No eye these rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear,
Repay'd each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear :

When o'er the white waves, stooping,
His floating corps she spy'd ;
Then like a lilly drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

SONG XXVIII.

THus *Kitty*, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Bespoke the *fair* from whom she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd.

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordain'd ;
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.

Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd,
With *Abigals* forsaken ?

Kitty's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

Must lady *Jenny* frisk about,
And visit with her cousins ?

At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens ?

What

What has she better, pray, than I?
 What hidden charms to boast?
 That all mankind for her should die,
 Whilst I am scarce a toast.
 Dearest mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my fortune try;
 I'll have my Earl, as well as she,
 Or know the reason why!
 I'll soon with *Jenny's* pride quit score,
 Make all her lovers fall:
 They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
 She, I was loos'd at all.
 Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way,
Kitty, at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire!

S O N G XXIX.

'T Was at the silent midnight hour,
 When all were fast asleep;
 In glided *Margaret's* grimly ghost,
 And stood at *William's* feet.
 Her face was like an *April* morn,
 Clad in a wint'ry cloud;
 And clay-cold was her lilly hand,
 That held her sable shroud.
 So shall the fairest face appear,
 When youth and years are flown;
 Such is the robe that kings must wear,
 When death has rest their crown.
 Her bloom was like the springing flow'r,
 That sips the silver dew;
 The rose was budded in her cheek,
 Just op'ning to the view.
 But love had, like the canker-worm,
 Consum'd her early prime;
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
 She dy'd before her time!

Awake,

Awake, she cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave:
Oh! let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain;
Now yawning graves give up their dead
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath:
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say my lips were sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witlefs maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is,
This winding-sheet I wear;
And cold and dreary lasts our night,
'Till that last morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence!
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
That dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd,
And rais'd her glitt'ring head:
Pale *William* quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He

He hy'd him to the fatal place,
 Where *Marg'ret's* body lay;
 And stretch'd him on the green grass turf,
 That wrapp'd her breathless clay.
 And thrice he call'd on *Marg'ret's* name,
 And thrice he wept full sore;
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
 And word spake never more.

SONG XXX.

MY time, O ye muses! was happily spent,
 When *Pbebe* went with me wherever I went;
 Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast;
 Sure never fond shepherd like *Colin* was blest.
 But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
 What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
 When things were as fine as could possibly be;
 I thought 'twas the spring, but, alas! it was she.
 With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
 To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep;
 I was so good humour'd, so chearful and gay,
 My heart was as light as a feather all day,
 But now I so cross, and so peevish am grown,
 So strangely uneasy as never was known;
 My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
 And my heart — I am sure, it weighs more than a
 pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
 And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
 Thou know'st, little *Cupid*, if *Pbebe* was there,
 'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas pleasure to hear:
 But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
 And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
 Must you be so chearful, while I go in pain?
 Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me com-
 plain.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play
 And when *Pbebe* and I were as joyful as they,
 How pleasant their sporting, how happy the time,
 When spring, love, and beauty were all in their prime!

But now in their frolicks, when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass :
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see,
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me ;
And *Pbebe* was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
Come hither, poor fellow, and patted his head :
But now when he's fawning, I with a sour look,
Cry, sirrah ; and give him a blow with my crook :
And I'll give him another ; for why should not *Tray*
Be as dull as his master, when *Pbebe's* away ?

When walking with *Pbebe*, what sights I have seen !
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green !
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and every thing made !
But since she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear ;
'Twas nought but the magick, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet musick went with us both, all the wood thro',
The lark, linnet, throstle and nightingale too ;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet ;
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone ;
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave every thing else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue ?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue ?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossoms beguile ?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile ?
Ah ! rivals ! I see what it was that you drest,
And made yourselves fine for, a place in her breast ;
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly time creeps till my *Pbebe* return,
While amidst the soft *Zephyr's* cool breezes I burn !
Methinks, if I knew whereabout he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down
the lead.

Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
 And rest so much longer for't, when she is here.
 Ah! *Collin!* old time he is full of delay,
 Nor will budge one foot faster, for all thou canst say.
 Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
 Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
 To be cur'd, thou must, *Collin*, thy passion remove;
 But what swain is so silly to live without love?
 No, Deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
 For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
 Ah! what shall I do; I shall die with despair!
 Take heed, all ye swains, how you love one so fair.

S O N G XXXI.

WHY will *Florella*, when I gaze,
 My ravish'd eyes reprove?
 And hide them from the only face,
 They can behold with love?
 To shun her scorn, and ease my care,
 I seek a nymph more kind;
 And while I rove from fair to fair,
 Still gentle usage find.
 But oh! how faint is ev'ry joy,
 Where nature has no part!
 New beauties may my eyes employ,
 But you engage my heart.
 So restless exiles, doom'd to roam,
 Meet pity ev'ry where;
 Yet languish for their native home,
 Though death attends them there.

S O N G XXXII.

IN vain, dear *Chloe*, you suggest
 That I, inconstant, have possess'd,
 Or lov'd a fairer she:
 Wou'd you, with ease, at once be cur'd
 Of all the ill's you've long endur'd,
 Consult your glass and me.

If then

If then you think that I can find
A nymph more fair, or one more kind,

You've reason for your fears ;
But if impartial you will prove
To your beauty, and my love,
How needless are your tears !

If in my way I should, by chance,
Give, or receive a wanton glance,
I like but while I view :

How slight the glance, how faint the kiss,
Compar'd to that substantial bliss,
Which I receive from you !

With wanton flight the curious bee
From flow'r to flow'r still wanders free,
And where each blossom blows,
Extracts the juice of all he meets ;
But for his quintessence of sweets,
He ravishes the rose.

So I, my fancy to employ
In each variety of joy,
From nymph to nymph do roam ;
Perhaps see fifty in a day ;
They're all but visits which I pay,
For *Chloe's* still my home.

S O N G XXXIII.

W I T H artful voice, young *Thyrsis*, you
In vain persuade me you are true ;

Since that can never be :
For he's no profelyte of mine,
That offers at another's shrine
Those vows he made to me.

The faithless, fickle, wav'ring loon,
That changes oftner than the moon ;
Courts each new face he meets ;
Smells ev'ry fragrant flow'r that blows,
Yet sily calls the blushing rose
His quintessence of sweets.

So, *Thyrsis*, when in wanton play,
 From fair to fair you fondly stray,
 And steal from each a kiss ;
 It shows, if what you say be true,
 A sickly appetite in you,
 And no substantial bliss.

For you, inconstant, roving swain,
 Tho' seemingly you hug your chain,
 Wou'd fain, I know, get free ;
 To sip fresh balmy sweets of love,
 From bow'r to bower wildly rove,
 And imitate your bee.

Then calm that fluttering thing your heart,
 Let it admit no other dart,
 But rest with me alone :

For while, dear bee, you rove and sing,
 Should you return without your sting,
 I'd not protect a drone.

SONG XXXIV.

THO' cruel you seem to my pain,
 And hate me, because I am true ;
 Yet, *Pbillis*, you love a false swain,
 Who has other nymphs in his view.

Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
 To me what a heaven 'twould be !

To him but a woman you seem,
 But ah ! you're an angel to me :

Those lips which he touches in haste,
 To them I for ever could grow,
 Still clinging around that dear waist,
 Which he spans as beside him you go ;

That arm, like a lilly so white,
 Which over his shoulders you lay,
 My bosom could warm it all night,
 My lips they would press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
 Were graces my subjects to be,
 I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
 To dwell in a cottage with thee ;

But if I must feel thy disdain,
 If tears cannot cruelty drown,
 O! let me not live in this pain,
 But give me my death in a frown.

SONG XXXV.

WHILE I fondly view the charmer,
 Thus the god of love I sue,
 Gentle *Cupid*, pray disarm her,
Cupid, if you love me, do:
 Of a thousand sweets bereave her,
 Rob her neck, her lips and eyes,
 The remainder still will leave her
 Power enough to tyrannize.
 Shape and feature, flame and passion,
 Still in every breast will move,
 More is supererogation,
 Meer idolatry of love:
 You may dress a world of *Cbloes*
 In the beauties she can spare;
 Hear him, *Cupid*, who no foe is
 To your altars, or the fair.
 Foolish mortal, pray be easy,
 Angry *Cupid* made reply,
 Do *Florella's* charms displease you,
 Die then, foolish mortal, die:
 Fancy not that I'll deprive her
 Of the captivating store;
 Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
 Twenty thousand beauties more.
 Were *Florella* proud and sour,
 Apt to mock a lover's care;
 Justly then you'd pray that pow'r
 Shou'd be taken from the fair:
 But tho' I spread a blemish o'er her,
 No relief in that you'll find;
 Still, fond shepherd, you'll adore her,
 For the beauties of her mind.

SONG XXXVI.

IF love's a sweet passion, why does it torment?
 If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my content?
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain?
 Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my
 heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate silence I make my love known.
 But oh! how I'm bless'd when so kind she does
 prove,
 By some willing mistake to discover her love;
 When striving to hide it, she reveals all her flame,
 And our eyes tell each other, what neither dare
 name.

How pleasing is beauty, how sweet are the charms!
 How delightful embraces, how peaceful her arms!
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield;
 For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.

SONG XXXVII.

I Gently touch'd her hand, she gave
 A look that did my soul enslave;
 I press'd her rebel lips, in vain,
 They rose up to be press'd again:
 Thus happy I no further meant
 Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her soft breasts my hand I laid,
 And a quick, light impression made:
 They, with a kindly warmth, did glow,
 And swell'd, and seem'd to overflow:
 Yet trust me, I no further meant,
 Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her bright eyes my eyes did play,
 O'er her smooth limbs my heart did stray;
 Each

Each sense was ravish'd with delight,
 And my soul stood prepar'd for flight:
 Blame me not, if at last I meant,
 More to be pleas'd, than innocent.

SONG XXXVIII.

F AIR, and soft, and gay, and young,
 All charm! she play'd, she danc'd, she sung!
 There was no way to scape the dart,
 No care could guard the lover's heart!
 Ah why! (cry'd I, and dropp'd a tear,
 Adoring, yet despairing e'er
 To have her to myself alone)
 Was so much sweetness made for one?
 But growing bolder, in her ear
 I in soft numbers told my care:
 She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,
 And seem'd to glow with equal heat.
 Like heaven's, too mighty to express,
 My joys could be but known by guess:
 Ah fool! said I, what have I done,
 To wish her made for more than one!
 But long I had not been in view
 Before her eyes their beams withdrew,
 E'er I had reckon'd half her charms,
 She sunk into another's arms.
 But she, that once could faithless be,
 Will favour him no more than me;
 He too will find himself undone,
 And that she was not made for one.

SONG XXXIX.

Y ES, all the world will sure agree,
 He, who's secur'd of having thee,
 Will be intirely blest;
 But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
 To make one who has been so long
 My queen, my slave at last.

Nor ought those things to be confin'd,
 That were for publick good design'd :
 Cou'd we, in foolish pride,
 Make the sun always with us stay,
 'Twou'd burn our corn and grass away,
 To starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting fright
 Two souls which passion does unite ;
 For while our love does last,
 Neither will strive to go away,
 And why the devil should we stay,
 When once that love is past?

SONG XL.

WHEN *Delia* on the plain appears
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move ;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love.
 Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
 No other voice but her's can bear,
 No other wit but her's approve, *Tell me, &c.*
 If she some other swain commend,
 'Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
 That instant, enemy I prove, *Tell me, &c.*
 When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all, that pleas'd before :
 The clearest spring, or shady grove, *Tell me, &c.*
 When arm'd with insolent disdain,
 She seem'd to triumph o'er my pain ;
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove, *Tell me, &c.*

SONG XLI.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I chose,
 The violet sweet, and lily fair,
 The painted pink, and blushing rose,
 To deck my charming *Chloe's* hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
 Upon her brow the various wreath ;
 The flowers less blooming than her face,
 The scent less fragrant than her breath.
 The flowers she wore along the day :
 And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
 That in her hair they look'd more gay,
 Than growing in their native bed.
 Undress'd at evening, when she found
 Their odors lost, their colour past ;
 She chang'd her look, and on the ground
 Her garland, and her eye she cast.
 That eye drop'd sense distinct and clear,
 As any muse's tongue cou'd speak ;
 When from its lid a pearly tear
 Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.
 Dissembling what I knew too well,
 My love, my life, said I, explain
 This change of humour : Prithee tell ;
 That falling tear ! — What does it mean ?
 She sigh'd, she smil'd ; and to the flow'rs
 Pointing, the lovely mor'lif said :
 See ! friend, in some few fleeting hours,
 See yonder, what a change is made !
 Ah me ! the blooming pride of *May*,
 And that of beauty, are but one ;
 At morn both flourish bright and gay,
 Both fade at evening, pale and gone.
 At dawn poor *Stella* danc'd and sung ;
 The amorous youth around her bow'd,
 At night her fatal knell was rung ;
 I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud !
 Such as she is, who dy'd to-day :
 Such I, alas ! may be to-morrow,
 Go, *Damon*, bid thy muse display
 The justice of thy *Chloe's* sorrow.

SONG XLII.

LOVE's a dream of mighty treasure,
 Which in fancy we possess ;
 In the folly lies the pleasure,
 Wisdom always makes it less.
 When we think, by passion heated,
 We a goddess have in chase,
 Like *Ixion* we are cheated,
 And a gaudy cloud embrace.
 Happy only is the lover,
 Whom his mistress well deceives ;
 Seeking nothing to discover,
 He contented lives at ease.
 But the wretch, that would be knowing,
 What the fair one would disguise,
 Labours for his own undoing,
 Changing happy to be wise.

SONG XLIII.

IT is not, *Celia*, in our power,
 To say how long our love will last ;
 It may be, we, within this hour,
 May lose the joys we now do taste ;
 The blessed, that immortal be,
 From change in love are only free.
 Then, since we mortal lovers are,
 Ask not how long our loves will last ;
 But while it does, let us take care
 Each minute be with pleasure past :
 Were it not madness to deny
 To live, because we are sure to die ?
 Fear not, tho' love and beauty fail,
 My reason shall my heart direct ;
 Your kindness now shall then prevail,
 And passion turn into respect :
Celia, at worst, you'll in the end,
 But change a lover for a friend.

SONG XLIV.

DEAR *Cloe*, whilst thus beyond measure
 You treat me with doubts and disdain;
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
 And hoard up an old age of pain:
 Your maxim, that love still is founded
 On charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,
 When once you its dictates obey.
 The passion, from beauty first drawn,
 Your kindness will vastly improve,
 Soft smiles and gay looks are the dawn,
 Fruition's the sun-shine of love.
 And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
 Should be clouded that now are so gay,
 And darkness possess all the skies,
 We ne'er can forget it was day.
 Old *Darby*, with *Joan* by his side,
 You've often regarded with wonder;
 He's dropical, she is fore-ey'd,
 Yet they're ever uneasy afunder.
 Together, they totter about,
 Or sit in the sun at the door,
 And at night when old *Darby's* pot's out,
 His *Joan* will not smooke a whiff more.
 No beauty or wit they possess,
 Their several failings to smother;
 Then what are the charms, can you guess,
 That make 'em so fond of each other?
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments that love did bestow,
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
 The best of all blessings below.
 Those traces for ever will last,
 Which sickness nor time can remove:
 For when youth and beauty are past,
 And age brings the winter of love,

A friendship insensibly grows,
By reviews of such raptures as these,
The current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

S O N G XLV.

A T dead of night, when wrapt in sleep,
The peaceful cottage lay ;
Pastora left her folded sheep,
Her garland, crook, and usele's scrip :
Love led the nymph astray.
Loose, and undress'd, she takes her flight,
To a near myrtle shade ;
The conscious moon gave all her light,
To bless her ravish'd lover's sight,
And guide the charming maid.
His eager arms the nymph embrace,
And to assuage his pain,
His restless passion he obeys.
At such an hour, in such a place,
What lover could contain ?
In vain she call'd the conscious moon,
The moon no succour gave ;
The cruel stars, unmov'd, look on,
And seem'd to smile at what was done,
Nor would her honour save.
Vanquish'd at last by pow'rful love,
The nymph expiring lay ;
No more she sigh'd, no more she strove,
Since no kind stars were found above,
She blush'd, and dy'd away.
Yet bless'd the grove, her conscious flight,
And youth that did betray ;
And panting, dying, with delight,
She bless'd the kind, transporting night,
And curs'd approaching day.

SONG XLVI.

HOW! court *Dorinda*! who the devil
 Wou'd ever prove so tame a sot?
 If you're kind, then she's uncivil,
 When you would love, then she will not,
 To contradict is all her pleasure,
 Her utmost virtue to deny,
 Her modesty, that boasted treasure,
 Is to give herself the lie.
 Then ne'er, mistaken youth, stand doating
 On woman for her beauty's sake,
 Nor for a silly prize lye plotting,
 Which she'll not give, but you may take.
 Summon out all the pow'rs within her,
 Then boldly push, she can't withstand;
 You'll find the surest way, to win her,
 Is to engage with sword in hand.

SONG XLVII.

THE last that would know how to manage a
 man,
 Let her listen and learn it from me,
 His courage to quell, or his heart to trepan,
 As the time and occasion agree.
 The girl that has beauty, tho' small be her wit,
 May wheedle the clown, or the beau,
 The rake may repel, or may draw in the cit,
 By the use of the pretty word, *no*.
 When powder'd toupees around are in chat,
 Each striving his passion to show,
 With kiss me, and love me, my dear, and all that,
 Let her answer to all be, *O no*.
 When a dose is contriv'd to lay virtue asleep,
 A present, a treat, or a ball,
 She still must refuse, if her empire she'll keep,
 And *no* be her answer to all.

But

But when Mr. *Dapperwit* offers his hand,
Her partner in wedlock to go ;
A horse, and a coach, and a jointer in land,
She's an idiot if then she says *no*.

But if she's attack'd by a youth full of charms,
Whose courtship proclaims him a man ;
When press'd to his bosom, and clasp'd in his arms,
Then let her say *no*, if she can.

S O N G XLVIII.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty *Sally* ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley :
There is no lady in the land,
Is half so sweet as *Sally* :
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And thro' the streets doth cry 'em ;

Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em ;

But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as *Sally* ;

She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely :

My master comes, like any *Turk*,
And bangs me most severely :

But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for *Sally* :

She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,
I dearly love but one day,

And that's the day that comes betwixt
The *Saturday* and *Monday* ;

For

For then I'm dress'd all in my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley,
 My master carries me to church,
 And often I am blamed,
 Because I leave him in the lurch,
 As soon as text is named:
 I leave the church in sermon-time,
 And slink away with Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 When Christmas comes about again,
 Oh! then I shall have money;
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
 And give it to my honey;
 I wou'd it were ten thousand pounds,
 I'd give it all to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 My master and the neighbours all,
 Make game of me and Sally;
 And (but for her) I'd better be
 A slave and row a galley:
 But when my seven long years are out,
 Oh! then I'll marry Sally;
 Oh! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our alley.

S O N G XLIX.

I Love thee, by heavens, I cannot say more;
 Then set not my passion a cooling; [o'er,
 If thou yield'st not at once, I must e'en give thee
 For I am but a novice at fooling.
 What my love wants in words, it shall make up in
 deeds;
 Then why should we waste time in squiff, child?
 A performance, you wot well, a promise exceeds,
 And a word to the wife is enough, child.

I know

I know how to love, and to make that love known,
 But I hate all protesting and arguing :
 Had a goddess my heart, she shou'd e'en lie alone,
 If she made many words to a bargain.
 I'm a Quaker in love, and but barely affirm
 Whate'er my fond eyes have been saying :
 Prithce, be thou so too ; seek for no better term,
 But e'en throw thy yea or thy nay in.
 I cannot bear love, like a chancery suit,
 The age of a patriarch depending ;
 Then pluck up a spirit, no longer be mute,
 Give it, one way or other, an ending.
 Long courtship's the vice of a phlegmatick fool,
 Like the grace of fanatical finners,
 Where the stomachs are lost, and the victuals grow
 Before men sit down to their dinners, [cool,

S O N G L.

Streph. **H**AVE you not seen the morning sun
 Peep over yonder hill ?

Then you have seen my *Cbloë's* charms,
 At best, but painted ill.

Col. Have you not seen a butterfly
 With colours bright and gay ?

Then you have seen a thing less fine
 Than *Molly* cloath'd in grey.

Streph. The rose, you'll say, of all the field
 Can boast the loveliest hue,

But to compare with *Cbloë's* cheeks
 It wants the lily too.

As I sat by her on the plain

And talk'd the hours away,
 She breath'd so sweet I thought myself
 In fields of new-mow'd hay.

Col. Not the sweet breath that breath'd from cow^s
 With *Molly's* can compare,

And when she sings the listening swains
 Stand silent round to hear,

She

She said, as we were walking once
 Along the shady grove,
 There's none but *Collin Molly* loves,
 And will forever love.

Strepb. Believe not, friend, a woman's word,
 Or you are much to blame ;
 For t'other night behind the elms
 She swore to me the same.

Col. Yet I'll believe your *Cbloë's* word
 As on my breast she laid,
 ' This *Strepbon* is so dull a clown
 ' He'll think me still a maid.

S O N G L I.

She. O H love ! if a god thou wilt be,
 Do justice in favour of me,
 For yonder approaching I see
 A man with a beard,
 Who, as I have heard,
 Has often undone
 Poor maids that have none,
 With sighing and toying,
 With crying and lying,
 And such kind of foolery.

He. Fair maid, by your leave,
 My heart does receive
 Strange pleasure to meet you here ;
 Pray tremble not so, nor offer to go,
 I'll do you no harm I swear,
 I'll do you no harm I swear.

She. My mother is spinning at home,
 My father works hard at his loom,
 And we here a milking are come ;
 Their dinner they want,
 Pray, gentleman, don't
 Make more ado on't ;
 Nor give us affront ;
 We're none of the town
 Will lie down for a crown ;
 Then away, fir, and give us room.

Hee

He. By *Phœbus*, by *Jove*,
By honour, by love,
I'll do ye, dear sweet, no harm;
You're as fresh as a rose,
I want one of those;

Ah! how such a wife would charm!
Ah! how such a wife would charm!

She. And can you then like the old rule,
Be conjugal, honest, and dull,
And marry and look like a fool?

For I must be plain,
All tricks are in vain,
There's nothing can gain
The thing you'd obtain,

But moving and proving,
By wedding, true loving;
My lesson I learn'd at school.

He. I'll do't by this hand,
I've houses, I've land,
Estates too, in good freehold;
My dear, let us join,
It all shall be thine,
Besides a good purse of gold.

She. You make me to blush, now I vow,
Oh Lord! shall I too baulk my cow?

But since the late oath you have sworn,
Your soul shall not be
In danger for me,
I'll rather agree,
Of two to make three.

We'll wed, and we'll bed,
There's no more to be said,
And I'll ne'er go a milking more.

SONG LI.

Pretty parrot, say, when I was away,
And in dull absence pass'd the day,
What at home was doing?

With

With chat and play.

We are gay,

Night and day,

Good cheer our mirth renewing ;

Singing, laughing all, like pretty, pretty Poll.

Was no fop so rude, boldly to intrude,

And like a saucy lover won'd

Court, and tease my lady ?

A thing you know,

Made for show,

Call'd a beau,

Near her was always ready,

Ever, ever at her call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

Tell me, with what air, he approach'd the fair,

And how she could with patience bear

All he did, and utter'd ?

He still address'd,

Still caress'd,

Kiss'd, and press'd ;

Sung, prattled, laugh'd, and flutter'd :

Well receiv'd in all, like pretty, pretty Poll.

Did he go away at the close of day,

Or did he ever use to stay,

In a corner dodging ?

The want of light,

When 'twas night,

Spoild my sight ;

But I believe his lodging

Was within her call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

S O N G LIII.

WHat care I for affairs of state,

Or who is rich, or who is great ?

How far abroad th' ambitious roam,

To bring our gold or silver home ?

What is't to me, if France or Spain

Consent to peace, or war maintain ?

I pay my taxes peace or war,

And wish all well at Gibraltar :

But

But mind the cardinal no more,
 Than any other scarlet whore :
 Grant me, ye powers, but health and rest,
 And let who will the world contest.

Near some smooth stream, oh, let me keep
 My liberty, and feed my sheep ;
 A shady walk well lin'd with trees,
 A garden, with a range of bees ;
 An orchard which good apples bears,
 Where spring a long green mantle wears.

Where winters never are severe,
 Good barley-lands to make good beer ;
 With entertainment for a friend,
 To spend in peace my latter end,
 In honesty and home-spun grey,
 And let the evening crown the day.

S O N G L I V .

A Rtist, who underneath the table
 Thy curious texture hast display'd,
 Who, if we may believe the fable,
 Wast once a blooming lovely maid :

Insidious, restless, watchful spider,
 Fear no officious damsel's broom,
 Extend thy artful building wider,
 And spread thy banners round my room.

While I thy wond'rous fabrick stare at,
 And think on hapless poets fate,
 Like thee confin'd to lonely garret,,
 And proudly banish'd rooms of state.

And as from out thy tortur'd body,
 Thou draw'st thy slender thread with pain ;
 So does he labour like a noddy,
 To spin materials from his brain.

He for some gaudy flutt'ring creature,
 That spreads her charms before his eye ;
 And that's a conquest little better.
 Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

Thus

[45]

Thus far, 'tis plain you both agree,
Your death, perhaps, may better show it ;
'Tis ten to one but penury
Ends both the spider and the poet.

SONG LV.

O Say ! what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy,
What are the blessings of the sight,
O tell your poor blind boy !
You talk of wond'rous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright ;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night ?
My day and night myself I make,
Whene'er I wake or play,
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.
With heavy sighs, I often hear,
You mourn my hopeless woe ;
But sure, with patience I may bear
A loss I ne'er can know.
Then let not what I cannot have
Your cheer of mind destroy ;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Altho' a poor blind boy.

SONG LVI.

A Trifling song ye shall hear,
Begun with a trifle and ended ;
All trifling people draw near,
And I shall be nobly attended.
Were it not for trifles a few,
That lately have come into play,
The men would want something to do,
The women want something to say.

What

What makes men trifle in dressing?

Because the ladies, they know,

Admire, by often careffing,

That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,

The trifle of trifles to gain,

No sooner the virgin is rifled,

But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal wou'd ever be able,

At *White's* half a moment to sit?

Or who is't cou'd bear a tea-table,

Without talking trifles for wit?

The court is from trifles secure,

Gold keys are no trifles we see;

White rods are no trifles I'm sure,

Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,

Where trifles abundantly breed,

The levee will show you, his grace

Makes promises trifles indeed!

A coach, with six footmen behind,

I count neither trifle nor sin;

But, ye gods! how oft do we find

A scandalous trifle within?

A flask of champaign people think it

A trifle, or something as bad;

But if you'll contrive how to drink it,

You'll find it no trifle by gad.

A parson's a trifle at sea,

A widow's a trifle in sorrow,

A peace is a trifle to-day,

To break it a trifle to-morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloke,

Or to hide it the red may endeavour;

But if once the army is broke,

We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle they say,

The reason pray carry along;

Because that, at every new play,

The house they with trifles so throng.

But

But with people's malice to trifle,
 And to set us all on a foot;
 The author of this is a trifle,
 And his song is a trifle to boot.

S O N G LVII.

TO hug yourself in perfect ease,
 What wou'd you wish for more than these?
 A healthy, clean paternal seat,
 Well shaded from the summer's heat.
 A little parlour stove to hold
 A constant fire from winter's cold;
 Where you may sit, and drink, and sing,
 Far off from court, God save the king.
 Safe from the harpies of the law,
 From party rage, and great man's paw;
 Have choice few friends of your own taste,
 A wife agreeable and chaste.
 An open but yet cautious mind,
 Where guilty cares no entrance find;
 Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite,
 To break the sabbath of the night.
 Plain equipage, and temp'rate meals,
 Few taylor's, and no doctor's bills;
 Content to take, as Heav'n shall please,
 A longer or a shorter lease.

S O N G LVIII.

OH! London is a fine town, and a gallant city,
 'Tis govern'd by the scarlet-gown, come listen
 to my ditty.
 This city has a mayor, this mayor he is a lord,
 And governeth the citizens all by his own accord,
 Ob! London, &c.
 He boasteth his gentility, and how nobly he was born,
 His arms are three ox-heads, and his crest a ram-
 pant horn.

The

The first journey his lordship takes is to *Westminster-ball*,

Attended by twelve companies, for he must have them all. *Ob! London, &c.*

The barges are made fine and gay, for his lordship and the best,

And dung-boats and lighters provided for the rest:

Then at the exchequer he's sworn upon a shoe-soal,
That he will be no wiser man than was his brother
Jobber-nole. *Ob! London, &c.*

The sword is born before him up and down the stairs,
To fright away the little boys that laugh at our
lord-mayors.

And when that is ended, home again he comes,
With joyful noise upon the *Thames* of trumpets and
of drums. *Ob! London, &c.*

His lordship lands at *Black-Fryars*, and on along he
jogs,

Attended by his companies, as hungry as dogs.

Then in comes the carver, and boldly falls to work,
With knife like to a scimiter, as fierce as any *Turk*.

Ob! London, &c.

He hit upon the goose-bone, and turn'd both edge
and point,

'Till he look'd upon my lord-mayor, he could not
hit the joint.

Then up came a custard with twenty-four nooks,
As you may find recorded in *Johnny Stow's* books.

Ob! London, &c.

And why it was so big, if you would know the
reason, [prating treason.

It was to keep their chaps at work, that would be

Then they go to *Greenwich* all in the city barge,

And there they have a noble treat all at the city
charge. *Ob! London, &c.*

And when they come to *Cuckolds-point*, they make
a gallant show,

Their wives bid the musick play *Cuckolds all a-row*.

Then

Then they go to *Paul's-Church*, e'er morning pray-
er begins,

And as they go along the street, they stoop to pick
up pins. *Ob! London, &c.*

But if you'd know, I'll tell you the moral reason
of it, [little profit.

They, that would to riches grow, must stoop for
My lord-mayor rides along the street like unto a
law-maker,

With forty catch-poles at his arse to prosecute the
baker. *Ob! London, &c.*

And when he comes to the baker's stall, and finds
his bread too light,

He sends it home to his own house, to feast both
lord and knight.

Then to the *Sessions-house* they go, the sessions there
to keep,

Until that the recorder comes, they all are fast asleep.
Ob! London, &c.

They call up all their juries by twelves and by twelves,
And if they hang up no man, they may go hang
themselves.

So then they borrow boots and spurs, and out of
town they ride,

To see the bears baited on the bank side.

Ob! London, &c.

And when that they have done, they all return again,
Like so many apes, with each his golden chain.

Then to hear a sermon once a year he rides unto the
Spital,

And there he sits full three hours long, and brings
away but little. *Ob! London, &c.*

And when that he comes home, he sits down at
his board,

And if he has not minc'd pies, his chear's not worth
a t-d.

My lady says unto my lord, when all the guests
are gone,

I do intend to-morrow to invite my friend Sir *John*.

Ob! London, &c.

For I don't think it fit always to have tradesmen,
I pray therefore let me rub in a courtier now and then.
My lady boldly ask'd my lord what dishes she should
have, [and brave.

To entertain her friend Sir *John* that was so fine
Ob! London, &c.

My lord he nam'd a calf's-head, at which she made
a pish.

And said she'd have a turkey cock, 'cause she lov'd
a standing dish.

Next, once a year, into *Essex* a hunting they do go,
To see them pass along, oh ! 'tis a pretty show !

Ob! London, &c.

Through *Cheapside*, and *Fenchurchstreet*, and so to
Aldgate-pump,

Each man with spurs in's horse's sides, and his
backsword cross his rump :

My lord he takes a staff in hand, to beat the
bushes o'er,

I must confess it was a work he had ne'er done
before. Ob!—London, &c.

A creature bounces from a bush, which made them all to laugh.

My lord he cry'd, a hare, a hare ! but it prov'd an
Essex calf.

And when they had done their sport, they came to
London, where they dwell,

Their faces were so torn and scratch'd, their wives
scarce knew them well. Ob! &c.

For 'twas a great mercy so many 'scap'd alive,
For out of twenty saddles carried out, they brought
again but five. *Ob! London, &c.*

SONG LIX.

HOW hardly I conceal my tears!
How oft did I complain!
When many tedious days my fears
Told me, I lov'd in vain.

But

But now my joys as wild are grown,
 And hard to be conceal'd ;
 Sorrow may make a silent moan,
 But joy will be reveal'd.
 I tell it to the bleating flocks,
 To ev'ry stream and tree,
 And bleſs the hollow murmuring rocks,
 For echoing back to me.
 Thus you may ſee with how much joy
 We what we wiſh, believe ;
 'Tis hard ſuch paſſion to deſtroy,
 But eaſy to deceive.

SONG LX.

'Twas in the land of cyder,
 At a place call'd *Brampton-Bryon*,
 Such a prank was play'd
 'Twixt a man and maid,
 That all the ſaints cry'd ſie on.

For gentle *John* and *Suſan*
 Were oft at recreation ;
 To tell the truth,
 This vig'rous youth
 Cauſ'd a dreadful conflagration.

Both morning, noon, and night, ſir,
 Brisk *John* was at her crupper ;
 He got in her geers
 Five times before pray'rs,
 And ſix times after ſupper.

John, being well provided,
 So cloſely did ſolace her,
 That *Suſan's* waift,
 So ſlackly lac'd,
 Shew'd ſigns of babe of grace, ſir.

But when the knight perceived,
 That *Suſan* had been ſinning,
 And that this laſs,
 For want of grace,

Lov'd kiſſing more than ſpinning ;

To cleanse the house from scandal,
 And filthy fornication ;
 Of all such crimes
 To shew the times
 His utter detestation ;
 He took both bed and bolster,
 Nay, blankets, sheets, and pillows,
 With *Johnny's* frock,
 And *Susan's* smock,
 And burnt them in the kiln-house :
 And every vile utensil
 On which they had been wicked ;
 As chairs, joint-stools,
 Old trunks, close-stools,
 And eke the three-legg'd cricket.
 But had each thing defiled
 Been burnt at *Brampton-Bryon*,
 We all must grant
 The knight would want
 Himself a bed to lie on.

SONG LXI.

OF all the simple things we do
 To rub over a whimsical life,
 Ther'e no one folly is so true,
 As that very bad bargain a wife :
 We're just like a mouse in a trap,
 Or vermin caught in a ginn ;
 We sweet, and fret, and try to escape,
 And curse the sad hour we came in.
 I gam'd and drank, and play'd the fool,
 And a thousand mad frolicks more ;
 I rov'd, and rang'd, despis'd all rule,
 But I never was marry'd before ;
 This was the worst plague could ensue,
 I'm mew'd in a smoaky house ;
 I us'd to tope a bottle or two,
 But now 'tis small beer with my spouse.

My darling freedom crown'd my joys,
 And I never was vex'd in my way :
 If now I cross her will, her voice
 Makes my lodging too hot for my stay :
 Like a fox that is hamper'd, in vain
 I fret out my heart and soul ;
 Walk to and fro the length of my chain,
 Then forc'd to creep into my hole.

S O N G LXII.

IF I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
 Let th's be my fate: In a country town
 Let me have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,
 And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate ;
May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay, by a
gentle decay.

In a country town by a murmuring brook,
 With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look,
 With a spacious plain without hedge or stile,
 And an easy pad nag to ride out a mile.

May I govern, &c.

With *Horace* and *Petrarch*, and two or three more
 Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before ;
 With a dish of roast mutton, not ven'ison nor teal,
 And clean, tho' coarse linen, at every meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on *Sundays*, and stout humming
 liquor,
 And remnants of *Latin*, to welcome the vicar ;
 With a hidden reserve of *Burgundy* wine,
 To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.

May I govern, &c.

When the days are grown short, and it freezes and
 snows,

May I have a coal fire as high as my nose ;
 A fire which, once stirred up with a prong,
 Will keep the room temperate all the night long.

May I govern, &c.

C 3

With

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day,
 And when I am dead, may the better sort say,
 In the morning when sober, in the evening when
 mellow,
 He's gone, and has not left behind him his fellow ;
*For he govern'd his passion with an absolute sway,
 And grew wiser and better as his strength wore
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decoy. [away,*

S O N G LXIII.

FORTH from my dark and dismal cell,
 Or from the dark abyſs of hell,
 Mad *Tom* is come to view the world again,
 To ſee if he can cure his diſtemper'd brain,
 Fears and cares oppreſs my ſoul ;
 Hark ! how the angry furies howl !
Pluto laughs, and *Proſerpine* is glad,
 To ſee poor naked *Tom* of *Bedlam* mad.
 Through the world I wander night and day,
 To find my ſtraggl'ing ſenſes.
 In an angry mood I met old *Time*,
 With his pentateuch of ſenſes.
 When me he ſpies away he flies,
 For *Time* will ſtay for no man ;
 In vain with cries I rend the ſkies,
 For pity is not common.
 Cold and comfortleſs I be,
 Help, help, or elſe I die !
 Hark ! I hear *Apollo's* team, no gaſſes ;
 The carman 'gins to whiſtle ;
 Chaste *Diana* bends her bow,
 And the boar begins to bridle.
 Come, *Vulcan*, with tools and with tackle ;
 And knock of my troubleſome ſhackle ;
 Bid *Charles* make ready his wain,
 To bring me my ſenſes again.
 Laſt night I heard the dog-ſtar bark,
Mars met *Venus* in the dark ;

Limping

Limping *Vulcan* heat an iron-bar,
 And furiously made at the god of war ;
Mars with his weapon laid about,
 Limping *Vulcan* had got the gout ;
 His broad horns did so hang in his light,
 That he could not see to aim his blows aright,

Mercury, the nimble post of heaven,
 Stood still to see the quarrel ;

Gorrel-belly'd *Bacchus*; giant-like,

Bestrid a strong-beer barrel ;

To me he drank whole butts,

Until he burst his guts,

But mine were ne'er the wider.

Poor *Tom* is very dry,

A little drink for charity.

Hark ! I hear *Aëdon's* hounds,

The huntsmen whoop and holloo ;

Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,

All the chase do follow.

The man in the moon drinks claret,

Eats powder'd beef, turnip, and carrot :

But a cup of *Malaga* sack

Will fire the bush at his back.

SONG LXIV.

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,

Ambition is nothing to me ;

The one thing I beg of kind heaven to grant,

Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,

By reason my life let me square ;

The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,

And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings which providence freely has lent,

I'll justly and gratefully prize ;

Whilst sweet meditation, and cheerful content,

Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
 Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part;
 For ev'ry fair object, my eyes can survey,
 Contributes to gladden my heart.
 How vainly, through infinite troubles and strife,
 The many their labours employ!
 Since all, that is truly delightful in life,
 Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

SONG LXV.

OF all the girls that e'er were seen,
 There's none so fine as *Nelly*,
 For charming face, and shape, and mien,
 And what's not fit to tell ye:
 Oh the turn'd neck, and smooth white skin
 Of lovely, dearest *Nelly*!
 For many a swain it well had been,
 Had she ne'er pass'd by *Calai*.
 For when as *Nelly* came to *France*,
 (Invited by her cousins)
 Across the *Tuilleries* each glance
 Kill'd *Frenchmen* by whole dozens:
 The king, as he at dinner sat,
 Did beckon to his *Hussar*,
 And bid him bring his tabby-cat,
 For charming *Nell* to buss her.
 The ladies were with rage provok'd
 To see her so respected;
 The men look'd arch, as *Nelly* stroak'd,
 And puss her tail erected:
 But not a man did look employ,
 Except on pretty *Nelly*;
 Then said the duke de *Villeroy*,
 Ah! *qu'elle est bien jolie*!
 But who's that grave philosopher,
 That carefully looks at her?
 By his concern, it should appear,
 The fair-one is his daughter.

Ma foy!

Ma foy ! (quoth then a courtier sly)
 He on his child doth leer too :
 I wish he has no mind to try,
 What some papa's will here do.

The courtiers, all with one accord,
 Broke out in *Nelly's* praises,
 Admir'd her rose, and *Lys sans Farde*,
 (Which are your terms *Françoises*)
 Then might you see a painted ring
 Of dames that stood by *Nelly* ;
 She like the pride of all the spring,
 And they like *Fleurs de Palais*.

In *Marli* gardens, and *St. Clou*,
 I saw this charming *Nelly* ;
 Where shameless nymphs, expos'd to view,
 Stand naked in each alley :
 But *Venus* had a brazen face,
 Both at *Versailles* and *Meudon*,
 Or else she had resign'd her place,
 And left the stone she stood on.

Were *Nelly's* figure mounted there,
 'Twould put down all th' *Italian* :
 Lord ! how these foreigners would stare !
 But I should turn *Pygmalion*.
 For spite of lips, and eyes, and mein,
 Me nothing can delight so,
 As does that part that lies between
 Her left toe and her right toe.

S. O N G LXVI.

WHEN as corruption hence did go,
 And left the nation free,
 When ay said ay, and no said no,
 Without a place or fee ;
 Then Satan thinking things went ill,
 Sent forth his spirit call'd quadrille ;
 Quadrille, quadrille, quadrille.

Kings, queens, and knaves made up his pack,
 And four fair suits he wore,
 His troops they were with red and black
 All blotch'd and spotted o'er :

And ev'ry house, go where you will,
 Haunted by this imp, quadrille.

Sure cards he has for ev'ry thing,

Which well court-cards they name,

And, statesman like, calls in the king,

To help out a bad game.

But if the parties manage ill,

The king is forc'd to lose codille.

When two and more were met of old,

Tho' they ne'er meant to marry,

They were in *Cupid's* books enroll'd,

And call'd a party quare ;

But now, meet when and where you will,

A party quare is quadrille.

The commoner, the knight, and peer,

Men of all ranks and fame,

Leave to their wives the only care

To propagate their name ;

And well that duty they fulfil,

While the good husband's at quadrille.

When patient lies in piteous case,

In comes th' apothecary,

And to the doctor cries, alas !

Non debes quadrillare !

The patient dies without a pill,

For why ? the doctor's at quadrille.

Should *France* and *Spain* again grow loud,

The *Muscovite* grow louder,

Britain, to curb her neighbours proud,

Would want both ball and powder :

Must want both sword and gun to kill,

For why ? the general's at quadrille.

The king of late drew forth his sword,

(Thank God, 'twas not in wrath)

And made, of many a 'squire and lord,

An unwash'd knight of bath ;

What are their feats of arms and skill ?

They're but nine parties at quadrille.

A party late at *Cambray* met,
Which drew all *Europe's* eyes :

'Twas call'd in post-boy and gazette,

The quadruple allies :

But somebody took something ill,
So broke his party at quadrille.

And now God save this noble realm,

And God save eke *Hanover*,

And God save those who hold the helm,

When as the king goes over ;

But let the king go where he will,

His subjects must play at quadrille.

SONG LXVII.

A Soldier and a sailor, a tinker and a taylor,
Had once a doubtful strife, fir,

To make a maid a wife, fir,

Whose name was buxom *Joan*,

Whose name was buxom *Joan*.

For now the time was ended,

When she no more intended

To lick her lips at man, fir,

And lie a-nights alone.

The soldier swore like thunder,

He lov'd her more than plunder ;

And shew'd her many a scar, fir,

Which he had brought from far, fir,

With fighting for her sake.

The taylor thought to please her,

By off'ring her his measure ;

The tinker too with metal,

Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,

And stop up ev'ry leak.

But while these three were prating,

The sailor, sily waiting,

Thought, if it came about, fir,

That they should all fall out, fir,

He then might play his part :

And just e'en as he meant, fir,

To logger-heads they went, fir,

And then he let fly at her,

And shot 'twixt wind and water,

Which won this fair maid's heart,

SONG

SONG LXVIII.

YE nymphs and sylvan gods,
 That love green fields and woods,
 When spring, newly blown,
 Herself does adorn
 With flowers and blooming buds ;
 Come sing in the praise,
 Whilst flocks do graze
 In yonder pleasant vale ;
 Of those that chuse,
 Their sleep to lose,
 And in cold dews,
 With clouted shoes,
 Do carry the milking pail.
 The Goddesses of the morn
 With blushes they adorn ;
 And take the fresh air,
 Whilst linets prepare
 A concert on each green thorn :
 The black-bird and thrush,
 On every bush,
 And the charming nightingale,
 In merry vein
 Their throats do strain,
 To entertain
 The jolly train
 That carry the milking pail.
 When cold bleak winds do roar,
 And flowers can spring no more ;
 The fields that were seen
 So pleasant and green,
 By winter all candy'd o'er :
 Oh how the town lass,
 Looks with her white face
 And her lips of deadly pale !
 But it is not so
 With those that go
 Thro' frost and snow,
 With cheeks that glow,
 To carry the milking pail.

The

The miss of courtly mould
 Adorn'd with pearl and gold,
 With washes and paint
 Her skin does so taint,
 She's wither'd before she's old:
 Whilst she, in commode,
 Puts on a cart-load,
 And with cushions plumps her tail :
 What joys are found
 In russet gown,
 Young, plump, and round,
 And sweet and sound,
 That carry the milking pail !
 The girls of *Venus*' game,
 That venture health and fame,
 In practising feats
 With colds and with heats,
 Make lovers grow blind and lame :
 If men were so wise,
 To value the price
 Of the wares most fit for sale :
 What store of beaus
 Would damb their cloaths
 To save a nose,
 By following those
 That carry the milking pail !
 The country lad is free
 From fears and jealousy,
 When upon the green
 He is often seen
 With his las upon his knee ;
 With kisses most sweet
 He does her greet,
 And swears she'll ne'er grow stale :
 Whilst the *London* las
 In ev'ry place,
 With her brazen face,
 Despises the grace
 Of those with the milking pail.

SONG

SONG LXIX.

AT *Winchester* there was a wedding,
 The like was never seen,
 'Twixt lusty *Ralph* of *Reading*,
 And bonny black *Bess* of the green.
 The fiddlers were crowding before ;
 Each lass was as fine as a queen ;
 There was a hundred and more,
 For all the country came in ;
 Brisk *Robin* led *Rosy* so fair,
 She look'd like a lily o' th' vale:
 And ruddy-fac'd *Harry* led *Mary*,
 And *Roger* led bouncing *Nell*,
 With *Tommy* came smiling *Katy*,
 He help'd her over the stile,
 And swore there were none so pretty
 In forty and forty long mile.
Kit gave a green-gown to *Betty*,
 And lent her his hand to rise ;
 But *Jenny* was jeer'd by *Watty*,
 For looking blue under the eyes :
 Thus merrily chatting all,
 They pass'd to the bride-house along,
 With *Johnny*, and pretty-fac'd *Nancy*,
 The fairest of all the throng.
 The bridegroom came out to meet 'em,
 Afraid the dinner was spoil'd,
 And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em
 With bak'd, and roasted, and boil'd.
 The lads were frolick and jolly,
 For each had his love by his side ;
 But *Willy* was melancholy,
 For he had a mind to the bride :
 Then *Philip* begins her health,
 And turns a beer-glass on his thumb ;
 But *Jenkin* was reckon'd, for drinking,
 The best in *Chrißendom*.
 And now they had din'd, advancing
 Into the midst of the hall,
 The fiddlers struck up for dancing,
 And *Jeremy* led up the ball :

But

But *Margery* kept her quarter,
 A lass that was proud of her pelf,
 'Cause *Arthur* had stol'n her garter,
 And swore he would tie it himself:
 She struggl'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,
 And ready with anger to cry,
 'Cause *Arthur*, in tying her garter,
 Had slipped his hand too high.
 And now for throwing the stocking,
 The bride away was led;
 The bridegroom got drunk, and was knocking
 For candles to light him to bed.
 But *Robin*, finding him silly,
 Most friendly took him aside,
 The while that his wife with *Willy*
 Was playing at hoopers-hide.
 And now the warm game begins,
 The critical minute was come,
 And chatting, and billing, and kissing,
 Went merrily round the room.
 Pert *Stephen* was kind to *Betty*,
 And blithe as a bird in the spring;
 And *Tommy* was so to *Kitty*,
 And wedded her with a rust ring.
Suky, that danc'd with a cushion,
 An hour from the room had been gone;
 And *Barnaby* knew, by her blushing,
 That some other dance had been done.
 And thus of fifty fair maids,
 That came to the wedding with men,
 Scarce five of the fifty were left ye,
 That so did return home again.

SONG LXX.

BY the side of a great kitchen fire,
 A scullion so hungry was laid,
 A pudding was all his desire,
 A kettle supported his head:
 The hogs that were fed by the house,
 To his sighs with a grunt did reply;
 And a gutter, that car'd not a louse,
 Ran mournfully muddily by.

But

But when it was set in a dish,
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
 My mouth it does water and wish ;
 I think it had better been fry'd.
 The butter around it was spread,
 'Twas as great as a prince in his chair :
 Oh ! could I but eat it, he said,
 The proof of the pudding lies there.
 How foolish was I to believe
 It was made for so homely a clown :
 Or that it would have a reprieve,
 From the dainty fine folks of the town !
 Could I think that a pudding so fine
 Could ever uneaten remove ?
 We labour that others may dine,
 And live in a kitchen of love.
 What though at the fire I've wrought,
 Where puddings do broil and do fry ?
 Though part of it hither be brought,
 And none of it ever set by ?
 Ah ! *Collin* ! thou must not be first !
 Thy knife and thy platter resign ;
 There's *Marg'ret* will eat till she burst,
 And her turn is sooner than thine.
 And you my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me so pale,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear at a pudding to rail ;
 Though thro' all the rooms I shall rove,,
 'Tis vain from my fortune to go,
 'Tis its fate to be often above,
 'Tis mine for to want it below.
 If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In your breast any pity be found,
 Ye servants that early do dine,
 Come see how I lie on the ground :
 Then hang up a pan and a pot,
 And sorrow to see how I dwell ;
 And say, when you grieve at my lot,
 Poor *Collin* lov'd pudding too well.

Then

Then back to your meat you may go,
Which you set in your dishes so prim,
Where sauce in the middle does flow,
And flowers are strew'd on the briim;
Whilst *Collin* forgotten and gone,
By the hedges shall dismally rove,
Unless when he sees the round moon,
He thinks on a pudding above.

SONG LXXI.

OF all the toasts that *Britain* boasts,
The gim, the gent, the jolly,
The brown, the fair, the debonair,
There's none cry'd up like *Polly*;
She's fir'd the town, has quite cut down
The opera of *Rolli*;
Go where you will, the subject still
Is pretty, pretty *Polly*.
There's madam *Faustino Catso*,
And eke madam *Catsoni*,
Likewise signior *Senesino*,
Are *tutte abandonni*.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, *do re mi fa*,
Are now but farce and folly!
We're ravish'd all with tol, lol, lol,
And pretty, pretty *Polly*.
The sons of bays, in lyric lays
Sound forth her fame in print-o,
And as we pass, in frame and glass
We see her mezzotinto:
In *Ivy-Lane* the city strain
Is more on strait-lac'd *Dolly*;
But all the brights, at *Man's* and *White's*,
Of nothing talk but *Polly*.
Ah, *Johnny Gay*, thy lucky play
Has made the criticks grin-a:
They cry 'tis flat, 'tis this, 'tis that;
But let them laugh that win-a:

I swear

I swear *Parbleu*, 'tis naif and new,
Ill-nature is but folly,

'T has lent a fitch to rent of *Rich*,
And set up madam *Polly*.

Ah ! tuneful fair, beware, beware,
Nor toy with star and garter ;
Fine cloaths may hide a foul inside,
And you may catch a tartar.

If powder'd fop blow up your shop,

'Twill make you melancholy,

Then left to rot, you'll die forgot,

Alas ! alas ! poor *Polly*.

SONG LXXII.

*D*io^{genes}es surly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
Because in good wine there was truth ;
But growing as poor as a *Job*,
Unable to purchase a flask,
He chose for his mansion a tub,
And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
A bumper to cherish his heart ;
And when he was maudlin would cry,
Because he had empty'd his quart :
Tho' some are so foolish to think,
He wept at man's folly and vice,
'Twas only his custom to drink,
Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tittle, and cherish his soul ;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a good flowing bowl ;
As long as his cellar was stor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff ;
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wise *Solon*, who carefully gave
 Good laws unto *Athens* of old,
 And thought the rich *Craesus* a slave
 (Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold ;
 He delighted in plentiful bowls ;
 But drinking much talk would decline,
 Because 'twas the custom of fools,
 To prattle much over their wine.

Old *Socrates* ne'er was content,
 Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
 Who in's cups to the oracle went,
 Or he ne'er had been counted so wise :
 Late hours he most certainly lov'd,
 Made wine the delight of his life,
 Or *Xantippe* would never have prov'd
 Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave *Seneca*, fam'd for his parts,
 Who tutor'd the bully of *Rome*,
 Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
 Which he drank like a miser at home ;
 And, to shew he lov'd wine that was good
 To the last, (we may truly aver it)
 He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
 So fancy'd he dy'd in his claret.

Pythagoras did silence enjoin
 On his pupils, who wisdom would seek ;
 Because that he tipp'd good wine
 Till himself was unable to speak ;
 And when he was whimsical grown,
 With sipping his plentiful bowls,
 By the strength of the juice in his crown,
 He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
 And thought that a cup of the best
 Made reason the brighter to shine ;
 With wine he replenish'd his veins,
 And made his philosophy reel ;
 Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
 Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Aristotle

Aristotle, that master of arts,
 Had been but a dunce without wine ;
 And what we ascribe to his parts,
 Is due to the juice of the vine :
 His belly, most writers agree,
 Was as big as a watering-trough ;
 He therefore leap'd into the sea,
 Because he'd have liquor enough.
 When *Pyrrho* had taken a glass,
 He saw that no object appear'd
 Exactly the same as it was,
 Before he had liquor'd his beard :
 For things running round in his drink,
 Which sober he motionless found,
 Occasion'd the Sceptick to think
 There was nothing of truth to be found.
 Old *Plato* was reckon'd divine,
 He fondly to wisdom was prone ;
 But had it not been for good wine,
 His merits had never been known.
 By wine we are generous made,
 It furnishes fancy with wings,
 Without it we ne'er should have had
 Philosophers, poets, or kings.

SONG LXXIII.

OF all the things beneath the sun,
 To love's the greatest curse ;
 If one's deny'd, then he's undone,
 If not, 'tis ten times worse.
 Poor *Adam* by his wife, 'tis known,
 Was trick'd some years ago ;
 But *Adam* was not trick'd alone,
 For all his sons were so.
 Lovers the strangest fools are made,
 When they their nymphs pursue,
 Which they will ne'er believe, till wed,
 But then, alas ! 'tis true :
 They beg, they pray, and they adore,
 Till weary'd out of life ;
 And pray, what's all this trouble for ?
 Why truly, for a wife.

How

How odd a thing's a whining sot,
 Who sighs, in greatest need
 For that, which, soon as ever got,
 Does make him sigh indeed !
 Each maid's an angel whilst she's woo'd,
 But when the wooing's done,
 The wife, instead of flesh and blood,
 Proves nothing but a bone.
 Ills, more or less, in human-life,
 No mortal man can shun ;
 But when a man has got a wife,
 He has got them all in one.
 The liver of *Prometheus*
 A gnawing vulture fed ;
 A fable, that the thing was thus,
 The poor old man was wed.
 A wife, all men of learning know,
 Was *Tantalus's* curse ;
 The apples which did tempt him so,
 Were nought but a divorce.
 Let no fool dream, that to his share
 A better wife will fall ;
 They're all the same, faith, to a hair,
 For they are women all.
 When first the senseless empty nokes
 With wooing does begin,
 Far better he might beg the stocks
 That they would let him in.
 Yet for a lover you may say,
 He wears no cheating phiz ;
 Though others looks do oft betray,
 He looks like what he is.
 More joys a glass of wine does give
 (Wife take him that gainsays)
 Than all the wenches, sprung from *Eve*,
 E'er gave in all their days.
 But come, to lovers here's a glass,
 God-wot, they need no curse :
 Each wishes he may wed his lass,
 No soul can wish him worse.

S O N G LXXIV.

THE man that is drunk, is void of all care ;
 He needs neither *Partbian* quiver nor spear ;
 The *Moor*'s poison'd dart he scorns for to wield,
 His bottle alone is his weapon and shield.

Undaunted he goes among bullies and whores,
 Demolishes windows, and breaks open doors ;
 He revels all night, is afraid of no evil,
 And boldly defies both proctor and devil.

As late I rode out with my skin full of wine,
 Encumbered neither with care, nor with coin,
 I boldly confronted a horrible dun,
 Affrighted, as soon as he saw me, he run.

No monster could put you to half so much fear,
 Should he in *Apulia*'s forest appear ;
 In *Africa*'s desert there never was seen
 A monster so hated by gods and by men.

Come place me, ye dieties, under the line,
 Where grows not a tree, nor a plant, but the vine ;
 O'er hot-burning sands I'll swelter and sweat,
 Bare-footed, with nothing to keep off the heat.

Or place me where sun-shine is ne'er to be found,
 Where the earth is with winter eternally bound ;
 Ev'n there I wou'd nought but my bottle require,
 My bottle shou'd warm me, and fill me with fire.

My tutor may job me, and lay me down rules,
 Who minds them but damn'd philosophical fools ?
 For when I am old, and can no more drink,
 'Tis time enough then for to sit down and think.

'Twas thus *Alexander* was tutor'd in vain,
 For he thought *Aristotle* an ass for his pain ;
 His sorrows he us'd in full bumpers to drown,
 And when he was drunk, then the world was his own.

This world is a tavern with liquor well stor'd,
 And into't I came to be drunk as a lord ;
 My life is the reck'ning, which freely I pay,
 And when I'm dead-drunk, then I'll stagger away.

S O N G LXXV.

He. **O**F all comforts I miscarried,
 When I play'd the sot and married ;
 'Tis a trap there's none need doubt on't,
 Those, that are in, wou'd fain get out on't.

Sbe. Fig! my dear, pray come to bed,
 That napkin take, and bind your head;
 Too much drink your brains have dos'd,
 You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

He. 'Oons! 'tis all one if I'm up or lie down,
 For as soon as the cock crows I'll be gone.

Sbe. 'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me ;
 Was I, was I made a wife to lie alone ?

He. From your arms myself divorcing,
 I this morn must ride a coursing,
 A sport that far excells a madam,
 Or all the wives that have been since *Adam*.

Sbe. I, when thus I've lost my due,
 Must hug my pillow, wanting you.
 And, whilst you tope it all the day,
 Regale in cups of harmless tea.

He. Pox! what care I? drink your slops till you die;
 Yonder's brandy will keep me a month from home.

Sbe. If thus parted, I'm broken-hearted ;
 When I, when I send for you, my dear, pray come.

He. E're I'll be from rambling hindred,
 I'll renounce my spouse and kindred ;
 To be sober I've no leisure,
 What's a man without his pleasure ?

Sbe. To my grief then I must see,
 Strong wine and nantz my rivals be ;
 Whilst you carouse it with your blades,
 Poor I sit stitching with my maids.

He. 'Oons! you may go to your gossips, you know,
 And there, if you meet with a friend, pray do.

Sbe. Go, you joker, go, provoker,
 Never, never shall I meet a man like you.

S O N G

S O N G LXXVI.

AS soon as the chaos was turn'd into form,
 And the first race of men knew a good from a
 harm;
 They quickly did join
 In a knowledge divine,
 That the world's chiefest blessings were women and
 wine:
 Since when by example, improving delights,
 Wine governs our days, love and beauty our nights;
 Love on then, and drink,
 'Tis a folly to think
 On a mystery out of our reaches;
 Be moral in thought,
 To be merry's no fault,
 Tho' an elder the contrary preaches:
 For never, my friends,
 Never, never, my friends,
 Never, never, my friends, was an age of more vice,
 Than when knaves would seem pious, and fools
 would seem wise.

S O N G LXXVII.

Youth's the season made for joys,
 Love is then our duty;
 She alone, who that employs,
 Well deserves her beauty.
 Let's be gay,
 While we may,
 Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay.
Youth's the season, &c.
 Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Ours is not to-morrow;
 Love with youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but sorrow.
 Dance and sing,
 Time's on the wing,
 Life never knows a return of spring.
Let us drink, &c.

S O N G

SONG LXXVIII.

GOD prosper long from being broke,
 The * *Luck of Eden-ball*,
 A doleful drinking-bout I sing,
 There lately did befall.

To chase the spleen with cup and cann,
 Duke *Philip* took his way,
 Babes yet unborn shall never see
 The like of such a day.

The stout and ever-thirsty doke
 A vow to God did make,
 His pleasure within *Cumberland*
 Three live-long nights to take.

Sir *Musgrave* too, of *Martindale*,
 A true and worthy knight,
 Eftsoon with him a bargain made,
 In drinking to delight.

The bumpers swiftly pass about,
 Six in a hand went round;
 And with their calling for more wine,
 They made the hall resound.
 Now when these merry tidings reach'd
 The earl of *Harold's* ears,
 And am I (quoth he, with an oath)
 Thus slighted by my peers?

Saddle my steed, bring forth my boots,
 I'll be with them right quick;
 And, master sheriff, come you too,
 We'll know this scurvy trick.

Lo, yonder doth earl *Harold* come,
 (Did one at table say);
 'Tis well, reply'd the mett'd duke,
 How will he get away?

When thus the earl began: Great duke,
 I'll know how this did chance,
 Without inviting me, sure this
 You did not learn in *France*.

* *A pint bumper at Sir Christopher Musgrave's.*

One of us two for this offence,

Under the board shall lie ;

I know thee well, a duke thou art,

So some years hence shall I.

But trust me, *Wharton*, pity 'twere,

So much good wine to spill,

As these companions here may drink,

E're they have had their fill.

Let thou and I, in bumpers full,

This grand affair decide.

Accurs'd be he, duke *Wharton* said,

By whom it is deny'd.

To *Andrews*, and to *Hotham* fair,

Many a pint went round,

And many gallant gentlemen

Lay sick upon the ground.

When, at the last, the duke espy'd,

He had the earl secure ;

He ply'd him with a full pint glass,

Which laid him on the floor.

Who never spoke more words than these,

After he downwards sunk,

My worthy friends, revenge my fall,

Duke *Wharton* sees me drunk.

Then, with a groan, duke *Philip* held

The sick man by the joint,

And said, earl *Harold*, 'stead of thee,

Would I had drank this pint.

Alack ! my very heart doth bleed,

And doth within me sink ;

For surely a more sober earl

Did never swallow drink.

With that the sheriff, in a rage,

To see the earl so smit,

Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk peer

Upon renown'd sir *Kir*.

Then stepp'd a gallant 'squire forth,

Of visage thin and pale,

Lloyd was his name, and of *Gang-ball*,

Fast by the river *Swale*.

Who

Who said he would not have it told,

Where *Eden* river ran,
That unconcern'd he should sit by ;

So, sheriff, I'm your man.

Now when these tidings reach'd the room,

Where the duke lay in bed,

How that the 'squire suddenly

Upon the floor was laid :

O heavy tidings ! (quoth the duke)

Cumberland witness be,

I have not any captain more,

Of such account as he.

Like tidings to earl *Thanet* came,

Within as short a space,

How that the under-sheriff too

Was fallen from his place.

Now God be with him (said the earl)

Sith 'twill no better be,

I trust I have within my town,

As drunken knights as he.

Of all the number that were there,

Sir *Bains* he scorn'd to yield ;

But with a bumper in his hand,

He stagger'd o'er the field.

Thus did this dire contention end,

And each man of the slain

Were quickly carried off to sleep,

Their senses to regain.

God bless the king, the dutches's fat,

And keep the land in peace,

And grant that drunkenness henceforth

'Mong noblemen may cease.

And likewise bless our royal prince,

The nation's other hope,

And give us grace for to defy

The devil and the pope.

SONG LXXIX.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
 The western clouds were lin'd with gold,
 The sky was clear, the winds were still,
 The flocks were pent within the fold :
 When from the silence of the grove
 Poor *Damon* thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
 From the bare rock, or oozy beach :
 Who from each barren weed that grows,
 Expects the grape, or blushing peach :
 With equal faith may hope to find
 The truth of love in womankind.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,
 No fields that wave with golden grain,
 No pasture green, nor garden fair,
 A damsel's venal heart to gain:
 Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
 For I, alas! have nought but love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
 Since womens hearts are bought and sold,
 They ask not vows of sacred truth,
 Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold;
 Gold can the frowns of scorn remove,
 But I, alas! have nought but love.

To buy the gems of *India's* coast,
 What wealth, what treasure can suffice?
 Not all their fire can ever boast
 The living lustre of her eyes :
 For these the world too cheap would prove,
 But I, alas! have nought but love.

O *Sylvia*! since nor gems, nor ore,
 Can with your brighter charms compare,
 Consider that I prefer more,
 More seldom found, a heart sincere :
 Let treasure meaner beauties move,
 Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

S O N G LXXX.

SAY: my uncle, I pray now discover
 What has been the cause of your woes,
 That you pine and you whine like a lover ?
 I've seen *Molly Mogg* of the *Rose*!

O nephew ! your grief is but folly,
 In town you may find better progg,
 Half a crown there will get you a *Molly*,
 A *Molly* much better than *Mogg*.

The school-boy's delight is a play-day,
 The school-master's joy is to flogg,
 Fop is the delight of a lady,
 But mine is in sweet *Molly Mogg*.

Will o' Wisp leads the trav'ler a-gadding
 Thro' ditch, and thro' quagmire and bogg,
 But no light can e'er set me a-madding,
 But the eyes of my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

For guineas in other mens breeches
 Your gamesters will paum and will cogg,
 But I envy them none of their riches,
 So I paum my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

The heart that's half-wounded is ranging,
 It here and there leaps like a frog,
 But my heart can never be changing,
 'Tis so fixed on sweet *Molly Mogg*.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,
 That women, at best, are a clog ;
 But I'm not so easily frightened
 From loving my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

A letter when I am inditing,
 Comes *Cupid*, and gives me a jog,
 And I fill all my paper with writing
 Of nothing but sweet *Molly Mogg*.

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
 My senses are lost in a fogg ;
 And in nothing can find satisfaction,
 But in thoughts of my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

If I would not give up the three graces,
 I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
 And at court all the drawing-room faces,
 For a glance at my sweet *Molly Mogg*.
 For those faces want nature and spirit,
 And seem as cut out of a log;
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit
 Unite in my sweet *Molly Mogg*.
 Were *Virgil* alive with his *Pbillis*,
 And writing another eclogue,
 Both his *Pbillis* and fair *Amaryllis*
 He'd give for my sweet *Molly Mogg*.
 When *Molly* comes up with the liquor,
 Then jealousy sets me a-gog,
 To be sure she's a bit for the vicar,
 And so I shall lose *Molly Mogg*.

S O N G LXXXI.

YOUNG *Corydon* and *Pbillis*
 'Sat in a lovely grove,
 Contriving crowns of lilies,
 Repeating toys of love.
And something else, --- but what, I dare not name.
 But as they were a playing,
 She ogled to the swain,
 It sav'd her plainly saying,
 Let's kiss to ease our pain. *And something, &c.*
 A thousand times he kiss'd her,
 Laying her on the green;
 But as he further press'd her,
 A pretty leg was seen. *And something, &c.*
 So many beauties viewing,
 His ardour still increas'd,
 And greater joys pursuing,
 He wander'd o'er her breast. *And something, &c.*
 A last effort she trying,
 His passion to withstand,
 Cry'd, but 'twas faintly crying,
 Pray take away your hand. *And something, &c.*

Young

Young *Corydon* grown bolder,
 The minutes would improve;
 This is the time, he told her,
 To shew you how I love. *And something, &c.*
 The nymph seem'd almost dying,
 Dissolv'd in amorous heat,
 She kiss'd, and told him sighing,
 My dear, your love is great. *And something, &c.*
 But *Phyllis* did recover
 Much sooner than the swain:
 She, blushing, ask'd her lover,
 Shall we not kiss again? *And something, &c.*
 Thus love his revels keeping,
 'Till nature at a stand,
 From talk they fell to sleeping,
 Holding each other's hand. *And something, &c.*

SONG LXXXII.

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd,
 How to make a lover yield:
 How to keep, or how to gain;
 When to love, and when to feign.
 Take me, take me, some of you,
 While I yet am young and true;
 Ere I can my soul disguise,
 Heave my breasts, and rouse my eyes:
 Stay not till I learn the way,
 How to lie and to betray;
 He that has me first is blest,
 For I may deceive the rest.
 Could I find a blooming youth,
 Full of love, and full of truth;
 Brisk, and of a janty mein,
 I shou'd long to be fifteen.

SONG LXXXIII.

TO all you ladies now at land
 We men at sea indite;
 But first would have you understand
 How hard it is to write;

The Muses now, and *Neptune* too
We must implore to write to you,

With a fal, la, la, la.

For tho' the muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain,
Yet if rough *Neptune* rouse the wind,
To wave the azure main,

Our paper, pen, and ink, and we
Roul up and down our ships at sea.

Then if we write not by each post,

Think not we are unkind,
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost

By *Dutchmen*, or by wind;
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day.

The king, with wonder and surprise,

Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise,

Than e'er they did of old:
But let him know, it is our tears

Bring floods of grief to *Whitehall* stairs.

Shou'd foggy *Opdam* chance to know

Our sad and dismal story;
The *Dutch* would scorn so weak a foe,

And quit their fort at *Goree*;

For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?

Let wind and weather do its worst,

Be you to us but kind;

Let *Dutchmen* vapour, *Spaniards* curse,

No sorrow we shall find;

'Tis no matter how things go,

Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

To pass our tedious hours away,

We throw a merry main;

Or else at serious *Ombre* play.

But why should we in vain

Each other's ruin thus pursue?

We were undone when we left you!

But

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But now our fears tempestuous grow,
 And cast our hopes away,
 Whilst you, regardless of our wee,
 Sit careless at a play;
 Perhaps permit some happier man
 To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
 When any mournful tune you hear,
 That dies in ev'ry note,
 As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
 For being so remote;
 Think then how often love we've made
 To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
 In justice you cannot refuse
 To think of our distress,
 When we for hopes of honour lose
 Our certain happiness;
 All those designs are but to prove
 Ourselves more worthy of your love.
 And now we've told you all our loves,
 And likewise all our fears;
 In hopes this declaration moves
 Some pity from your tears;
 Let's hear of no inconstancy,
 We have too much of that at sea.

SONG LXXXIV.

Come, neighbours, now we've made our hay,
 The sun in haste
 Dives to the west,
 With sports conclude the day.
 Let every man chuse out his lass,
 And then salute her on the grass;
 And when you find
 She's coming kind,
 Let not that moment pass.

CHORUS.

*We'll toss off our bowls to true love and honour,
 To all kind loving girls, and the lord of the manor.*

At night, when round the hall we're fat:
 With good brown bowls
 To chear our souls,
 And raise a merry chat ;
 When blood grows warm, and love runs high,
 And jokes about the table fly ;
 Then we retreat,
 And that repeat,
 Which all would gladly try.
 Let lazy great ones of the town
 Drink night away,
 And sleep all day,
 Till gouty they are grown:
 Our nightly sports such vigour give,
 That oftentimes we do revive,
 And kiss our dames
 With stronger flames
 Than any prince alive.

S O N G LXXXV.

WHen mighty roast beef was the *Englisman's*
 food,
 It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood,
 Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good,
Oh the roast beef of Old England,
And oh the old English roast beef!
 But since we have learnt from all-conquering *France*,
 To eat their ragousts, as well as to dance,
 We are fed up with nothing but vain complaisance,
Oh the roast beef, &c.
 Our fathers of old were robust, stout and strong,
 And kept open house with good cheer all day long,
 Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song,
Oh the roast beef, &c.
 But now we are dwindled to—what, shall I name?
 A sneaking poor race, half begotten and tame,
 Who sully those honours that once shone in fame.
Oh the roast beef, &c.

When

When good queen *Elizabeth* sat on the throne,
E'er *coffee*, and *tea*, and such slip-slops were known,
The world was in terror, if e'er she did frown,

Ob the roast beef, &c.

In those days, if their fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never return'd back again,
As witness the vaunting *Armada* of *Spain*,

Ob the roast beef, &c.

Oh then they had stomachs to eat and to fight,
And when wrongs were a cooking, to do themselves
right,

But now we're a — I could — but good night,

Ob the roast beef of Old England,

And ob the Old English roast beef!

SONG LXXXVI.

THE charms of *Florimel*

No force of time or art

Shall sever from my heart ;

But ever to the world I'll tell,

The charms of beauteous *Florimel*.

Each rock, and sunny hill,

The flow'ry meads and groves,

Shall say *Myrtilla* loves ;

And *Echo* shall be taught to tell

The charms, &c.

Each tree within the vale,

That on its banks doth wear

The triumphs of my fair,

To future times in verse shall tell

The charms, &c.

Each brook and purling rill,

Shall on its bubbling stream

Convey the virgin's name ;

And as it rolls, in murmurs tell

The charms, &c.

The sylvan gods, that dwell

Amidst this sacred grove,

Shall wonder at my love ;

While ev'ry sound conspires to tell

The charms of beauteous *Florimel*.

SONG LXXXVII.

AT noon on a sultry summer's day,
The brighter lady of the May,
Young *Chloris*, innocent and gay,
Sat knotting in a shade.

Each slender finger plaid its part
With such activity and art,
As would inflame a youthful heart,
And warm the most decay'd.

Her fav'rite swain by chance came by,
He saw no anger in her eye;
Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,
She would have seem'd afraid.

She let her ivory needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twist'd ball:
But strait gave *Strephon* such a call,
As wou'd have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle youth, is't none but thee?
With innocence I dare be free:
By so much truth and modesty
No nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come, lean thy head upon my lap,
Whi'e thy smooth cheeks I stroke and clap,
Thou may'st securely take a nap:
Which he, poor fool! obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore;
And found him fast asleep all o'er:
She sigh'd, and could endure no more,
But starting up, she said,

Such virtue shall rewarded be;
For this thy dull fidelity,
I'll trust thee with my flocks, not me:
Pursue thy gazing trade.

Go, milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep,
And watch all night thy flocks to keep;
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
By me, mistaken maid.

S O N G LXXXVIII.

TO lordlings proud I tune my song :
 Who feast in bow'r or hall ;
 Tho' dukes they be, yet dukes shall see
 That pride will have a fall.
 Now that this same it is right sooth,
 Full plain it does appear,
 For what befel the duke of *Guise*,
 And *Nic* of *Lancastere*.
 When *Richard cœur de Lyon* reign'd,
 (Which means a lyon's heart)
 Like him his barons rag'd and roar'd,
 Each play'd a lyon's part.
 A word and blow was then enough,
 Such honour did them prick,
 If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff,
 And if your a——e, a kick.
 Look in their face, they tweak'd your nose,
 At ev'ry turn fell to't :
 Come near, they trod upon your toes ;
 They fought from head to foot.
 Of these, the duke of *Lancastere*
 Stood paramount in pride :
 He kick'd, and cuff'd, and tweak'd, and trod
 His foes and friends beside.
 Firm on his front his beaver sat,
 So broad, it hid his chin,
 For why ? he thought no man his mate,
 And fear'd to tan his skin.
 With *Spanish* wool he dy'd his cheek,
 With essence oil'd his hair ;
 No vixen civet-cat more sweet,
 Nor more could scratch and tear.
 Right tall he made himself to show,
 Tho' made full short by G——d ;
 And when all other dukes did bow,
 This duke did only nod.

Yct.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonaire

To *Guise's* duke was he ;

Never was such a loving pair,

Why did they disagree ?

Oh ! thus it was, he lov'd him dear,

And cast how to requite him ;

And having no friend left but this,

He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his desp'rate quill,

And thus he did invite :

This eve at whisk ourself will play,

Sir duke, be here to night.

Ah no ! ah no ; the guileless *Guise*

Demurely did reply ;

I cannot go, nor yet can stand,

So sore the gout have I.

The duke in wrath call'd for his steeds,

And fiercely drove them on ;

Lord ! Lord ! how rattled then thy stones,

O, kingly *Kensington* !

All in a trice on *Guise* he rush'd ;

Thrust out his lady dear ;

He tweak'd his nose, trod on his toes,

And smote him on the ear.

But mark ! how 'midst of victory,

Fate shews an old dog-trick ;

Up leap'd duke *John*, and knock'd him down,

And so down-fell duke *Nic*.

Alas, oh *Nic* ! oh *Nic*, alas !

Right did thy gossip call thee ;

As who shall say, alas ! the day,

When *John* of *Guise* shall maul thee :

For on thee did he clap his chair,

And on that chair did sit ;

And look'd as if he meant therein

To do what was not fit.

Up didst thou look, oh woful duke !

Thy mouth yet durst not ope,

Certes, for fear of finding there

A t—d instead of trope.

“ Lie

" Lie there, thou caitiff vile (quoth *Guise*)

" No sheet is here to save thee,

" The casement it is shut likewise,

" Beneath my feet I have thee.

" If thou hast aught to say, now speak.

" Then *Lancastere* did cry,

" Know'st thou not me, nor yet thyself,

" Who thou, and who am I?

" Know'st thou not me, who (God be prais'd)

" Have bawl'd and quarrell'd more

" Than all the line of *Lancastere*

" That battled heretofore?

" In senates fam'd for many a speech,

" And, what some awe must give ye,

" Tho' laid thus low beneath thy breech,

" Still of the council privy :

" Still of the duchy chancellor,

" *Durante* life I have it,

" And turn (as now thou do'st on me)

" Mine a ——— e on them that gave it.

But now the servants they rush'd in,

And duke *Nic* up-leap'd he ;

" I will not cope against such odds,

" But *Guise*, I'll fight with thee :

" To morrow with thee will I fight

" Under the green-wood-tree ;

" No, not to morrow, but to night

" (Quoth *Guise*) I'll fight with thee.

And now the sun declining low,

Bestreak'd with blood the skies,

When with his sword at saddle-bow

Rode forth the valiant *Guise*.

Full gently praunc'd he on the lawn,

Oft roul'd his eyes around,

And from his stirrup stretch'd to find

Who was not to be found.

Long brandish'd he the blade in air,

Long look'd the field all o'er,

At length he spy'd the merry men brown,

And eke the coach and four.

From

From out the boot bold *Nicholas*
 Did wave his wand so white,
 As pointing out the gloomy glade,
 Whereat he meant to fight :

All in that dreadful hour so calm
 Was *Lancastere* to see,
 As if he meant to take the air,
 Or on'y take a fee.

And so he did ; for to *New Court*
 His trowling wheels they run,
 Not that he shunn'd the doubtful strife,
 But bus'ness must be done.

Back in the dark, by *Brumpton* park,
 He turn'd up thro' the *Gore*,
 So slunk to *Camden-House* so high,
 All in his coach and four.

Mean while duke *Guise* did fret and fume,
 A sight it was to see,
 Benumb'd beneath the ev'ning dew
 Under the green-wood tree.

Then wet and weary home he far'd,
 Sore mutt'ring all the way,
 The day I meet *Nic*, he shall rue
 The cudgel of that day.

Mean time on ev'ry pissing post
 Paste we this recreant's name,
 So that each passer-by shall read,
 And piss against the same.

Now God preserve our gracious king,
 And grant his nobles all
 May learn this lesson from duke *Nic*,
 That pride will have a fall.

S O N G LXXXIX.

LAST Sunday at *St. James's* pray'rs,
 The prince and princess by,
 I, dress'd in a'l my whale-bone airs,
 Sat in a closet nigh.

I bow'd

Bow'd my knees, I held my book,
 Read all the answers o'er;
 But was prevented by a look,
 Which pierc'd me from the door.
 High thoughts of heav'n I came to use
 With the devoutest care,
 Which gay young *Strepson* made me lose,
 And all the raptures there.
 He went to hand me to my chair,
 And bow'd with courtly grace;
 But whisper'd love into mine ear,
 Too warm for that grave place.
 Love, Love, said he, by all ador'd;
 My tender heart has won:
 But I, grown peevish at the word,
 Desir'd he might be gone.
 He went quite out of sight, while I
 A kinder answer meant;
 Nor did I for my sins that day,
 By half so much repent.

S O N G X C.

*A*Po'llo I will not implore,
 For he in fables deals;
 And eke that man I do abhor,
 Who wrote the *Persian Tales*.
 Whoe'er, of *February* last,
 Of *Flying-post* the news saw,
 Did read with terror much aghast
 The monster of *Ragusa*.
 How *Proteus* left his wat'ry couch,
 The pagan poets tell;
 He had more shapes than *Scaramouch*,
 And in the deep did dwell.
 Their *Proteus* and his flock so fair,
 Their *Neptune* and their *Triton*,
 If with this giant you compare,
 Are monsters you may sh—e on.

His

His stature it is wond'rous high,
 High as the tow'r of *Babel*;
 So that his head propt up the sky,
 Is most high-ly probable.
 On a whale's back he sat full fast,
 A dolphin was his dog;
 With cable-rope ty'd to a mast,
 His whale he oft did flog.
 Beneath his arms did muscles cling,
 And congers suck each pap:
 Behind his buttocks hung two ling,
 That always went *flip-flap*.
 Oysters about him stuck like warts,
 Eels twisted round his tail;
 Crabs clamber'd up his privy-parts,
 Which he crack'd on his nail.
 His very sneezing shook the shore,
 He cough'd the ground asunder;
 His voice was like the cannon's roar,
 And he broke wind like thunder.
 None did him see, that stood him near,
 Or knew the words he said;
 For few could see, and few could hear,
 Since all the folks were dead.
 O monster! monster! who could know
 The words that from thee came?
Rome and *Jerusalem* also
 Both heard and told the same.
 Much he of *Antichrist* held forth,
 And much of the *Pretender*;
 Much of a Monarch in the North,
 That once did lodge at *Bender*.
 He talked of the king of *France*,
 Of *English Whig* and *Tory*;
 And how their jars do much advance
Great-Britain's pow'r and glory!
 The Pope's the whore of *Babylon*,
 The *Turk* he is a *Jew*;
 The Christian is an infidel,
 That sitteth in a pew.

And

And yet the Pope shall Christian turn,
In hopes of his salvation.

Algill likewise, and *Toland* burn
At stake for revelation.

'Gainst paint and play-houses he spoke,
Hoop-petticoats and tea,
And vintners vile, that poison folk,
And snuff, and sodomy.

This said, he back to sea did slip,
(But first eat fifty muttons)
And of his tail cock'd up the tip,
Long as the worm at *Button's*.

O *Button*! do not advertise,
Nor thy huge worm so brag on;
This giant voided, of vast size,
A mighty flying dragon.

And tho' his belly made great roar,
And rais'd the tempest louder,
'Tis said he never knew *John Moor*,
Nor swallow'd his worm-powder.

S O N G XCI.

A *Dean* and *Prebendary*
Had late a new vagary,
And were at doubtful strife, sir,
Who led a better life, sir,
And was the better man,
And was the better man.

The *Dean* he said, that truly,
Since *Bluff* was so unruly,
He'd prove it to his face, sir,
That he had the most grace, sir,
And so the fight began, &c.

Then *Preb.* reply'd like thunder,
And roar'd out, 'twas no wonder,
Since gods the *Dean* had three, sir,
And more by two than he, sir,
For he had got but one, &c.

Now

Now whilst these two were raging,
 And in disputes engaging,
 The master of the *Charter*
 Said both had caught a *Tartar*,
For gods, sir, there were none, &c.

That all the books of *Moses*
 Were nothing but supposes;
 That he deserv'd rebuke, sir,
 Who wrote the *Pentateuch*, sir,
'Twas nothing but a sham, &c.

That as for father *Adam*,
 And Mrs. *Eve*, his madam,
 And what the serpent spoke, sir,
'Twas nothing but a joke, sir,
And well invented flam, &c.

Thus in this battle-royal,
 As none would take denial,
 The dame for which they strove, sir,
 Could neither of them love, sir,
Which kept them in suspense, &c.

She therefore sily waiting,
 Left all three fools a-prating,
 And being in a fright, sir,
 Religion took her flight, sir,
And ne'er was heard of since, &c.

S O N G XCII.

SAY, lovely *Sylvia*, lewd and fair,
Venus in face and mind,
 Why must not I that bounty share
 You pour on all mankind?
 That sun that shines promiscuously
 On prince and porter's head,
 Why must it now leave only me
 To languish in the shade?
 In vain you cry, you'll sin no more,
 In vain you pray and fast;
 You'll ne'er persuade us, till threescore,
 That *Sylvia* can be chaste.

When

When thus affectedly you cant,
 You're such a young beginner,
 You make at best an awkward saint,
 That are a charming sinner.

S O N G XCIII.

AH! bright *Belinda*, hither fly,
 And such a light discover,
 As may the absent sun supply;
 And cheer the drooping lover.
 Arise, my day, with speed arise,
 And all my sorrows banish;
 Before the sun of thy bright eyes
 All gloomy terrors vanish.
 No longer let me sigh in vain,
 And curse the hoarded treasure:
 Why should you love to give us pain,
 When you were made for pleasure?
 The petty pow'rs of hell destroy,
 To save's the pride of heav'n;
 To you the first, if you prove coy,
 If kind, the last is given.
 The choice then sure's not hard to make
 Betwixt the good and evil;
 Which title had you rather take,
 My Goddess, or my Devil?

S O N G XCIV.

COME follow, follow me,
 Ye fairy elves that be,
 Light tripping o'er the green;
 Come follow *Mab* your queen:
 Hand in hand we'll dance around,
 For this place is fairy ground.
 When mortals are at rest,
 And snoring in their nest;
 Unheard and unesp'y'd,
 Thro' key-holes we glide,
 Over tables, stools and shelves,
 We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul
 With platter, dish, or bowl,
 Up stairs we nimbly creep,
 And find the sluts asleep ;
 Then we pinch their arms and thighs :
 None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
 And from uncleanness kept,
 We praise the household maid,
 And surely she is paid :
 Every night before we go,
 We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
 Our table-cloth we spread,
 A grain of rye or wheat,
 The diet that we eat ;
 Pearl drops of dew we drink,
 In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
 With unctuous fat of snails,
 Between two cockles stew'd,
 Is meat that's eas'ly chew'd,
 And brains of worms, and marrow of mice,
 Do make a feast that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat and fly,
 Serve for our minstrelsy ;
 Grace said, we dance a while,
 And so the time beguile ;
 But if the moon doth hide her head,
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
 So nimbly we do pass,
 The young and tender stalk
 Ne'er bends where we do walk ;
 Yet in the morning may be seen
 Where we the night before have been.

SONG

S O N G. XCV.

YE sons of the platter, give ear,
Venter babet aures, they say,
 The praise of good eating to hear,
 You'll never be out of the way,
But with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as
keen,
Stand ready to cut thro' fat and thro' lean,
Thro' fat and thro' lean,
Stand ready to cut thro' fat and thro' lean.
 The science of eating is old,
 Its antiquity no man can doubt:
 Tho' Adam was squeamish, we're told,
 Eve soon found a dainty bit out.
Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as
keen,
Our passage let's cut thro' fat and thro' lean, &c.
 Thro' the world from the west to the east,
 Whether city, or country, or court,
 There's none, whether layman or priest,
 But with pleasure confesses the sport;
When with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as
keen,
Their passage they cut thro' fat and thro' lean, &c.
 At fair London the chief magistrate,
 From a sermon at holy St. Paul,
 Strait rides in a great coach of state
 To a dinner at Fishmongers Hall;
Where with knife sharp as razors, and stomach as
keen,
His passage he cuts thro' fat and thro' lean, &c.
 There come aldermen wrapt up in fur,
 And sword-bearer too at that call;
 Or how were he able to bear
 The sword——and the scabbard all?
There with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as
keen,
Their passage they cut thro' fat and thro' lean, &c.

Common.

Common-council, and livery-men,
 The rulers of every street,
 There come to cut and come again;
 A magi strate lives but to eat.
*Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as
 keen,*
Their passage they cut thro' fat and thro' lean, &c.
 At the sound of the good college-bell,
 On a gawdy the doctors descend,
 With a grace all in Latin, to tell
 The founder to eating a friend.
*Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as
 keen,*
Our passage let's cut thro' fat and thro' lean, &c.
 At the horn's most untuneable notes
 The judges replenish their maw,
 And with napkins tuck'd up to their throats,
 Shew good eating's according to law.
*Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as
 keen,*
Their passage they cut thro' fat and thro' lean, &c.
 At the knock at the buttery-hatch,
 The rosy-gill'd chaplain comes down;
 And my lord himself makes such dispatch,
 That his gout at that sound is quite flown.
*Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as
 keen,*
Their passage they cut thro' fat and thro' lean, &c.
 Neither horns, neither knockers, nor bells
 Hath the plowman to give him his cue;
 His stomach his dinner-time tells,
 And he whets his case-knife on his shoe;
Then with edge sharp as razor, and stomach as keen,
His passage he cuts thro' fat and thro' lean, &c.
 The 'squire makes the chase all his care,
 O'er hills and thro' valleys his course;
 And after a whet of fresh air,
 He as hungry returns as his horse;
Then with knife sharp as razor, and stomach as keen,
His passage he cuts thro' fat and thro' lean, &c.

Here

Here the doctor, the lawyer, divine,

The courtier, the tradesman, all meet:

Their care and their toil is to dine;

—— 'Tis all —— to be able to eat;

Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,

Our passage let's cut thro' fat and thro' lean, &c.

A feast is an emblem of life,

Where no sooner we taste, but we're gone;

Few can say, I have play'd a good knife,

Few or none, life's so short, few or none.

Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,

Our passage let's cut thro' fat and thro' lean;

Thro' fat and thro' lean,

Our passage let's cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

SONG XCVI.

WHY, cruel creature, why so bent

To vex a tender heart?

To gold and title you relent,

Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glitt'ring fools in courts be great,

For pay let armies move;

Beauty shou'd have no other bait,

But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay

The value that's their due,

Kings are themselves too poor to pay,

A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,

Without disguise or art,

Ah *Cælia*! if true love's your price,

Behold it in my heart.

SONG XCVII.

SOME liken man to brittle glass,

Some to a burning taper,

To garden flow'rs, or meadow grass,

Or to a rising vapour.

E

Est

But doubtless beer in barrel tunn'd,
Or close in bottle pent,
Does human life through all its round
Most clearly represent.

The infant drink will driv'ling dose,
And cry like child in cradle;
You must let neither lie too loose,
Nor yet too closely swaddle.

New ale, we know, is full of wind,
Wanting due time to stale it;
The dregs, not yet by age refin'd,
Are nauseous to the palate.

Fresh hops sometimes our art employs,
To rectify the liquor;
And who believes, but that the boy's
Correction is a bitter?

At length improv'd by rip'ning age,
Both man and beer grow bright;
To conversation they engage,
And ev'ry friend delight.

But if the cork be naught in one,
And weak the head in t'other;
The liquor's flat, and dunce the man,
And neither can recover.

S O N G XCVIII.

Stella and *Flavia* ev'ry hour
Do various hearts surprize:
In *Stella*'s soul lies all her pow'r,
And *Flavia*'s in her eyes.

More boundless *Flavia*'s conquests are,
And *Stella*'s more confin'd;
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella like *Britain*'s monarch reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eastern tyrants, *Flavia* deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.

Then

Then boast, fair *Flavia*, boast thy face,
Thy beauty's only store;
Thy charms will ev'ry day decrease,
Each day gives *Stella* more.

S O N G XCIX.

BY the mole on your bobbies, so round and so
white,

By the mole on your neck, where my arms would
unite :

By whatever mole else you have got out of sight,
I beseech thee to bear me, dear Molly.

By the kifs just a starting from off your moist lips,

By the delicate up and down just of your hips,

By the tip of your tongue, which all tongues far
out-tips,

I beseech, &c.

By the down on your bosom, on which my soul
dies ;

By the thing of all things, which you love as your
eyes ;

By the thoughts you lie down with, and those
when you rise ;

I beseech, &c.

By all the soft pleasures a virgin can share,

By the critical minute no virgin can bear,

By the question I burn for to ask, but don't dare ;

I beseech thee to bear me, dear Molly.

S O N G C.

HERE are people and sports

Of all sizes and sorts,

Coach'd damsel and squire,

And mob in the mire,

Tarpaulins, trugmalions,

Lords, ladies, fows babies,

And loobbies in scores ;

Some bawling, some bawling,

Some leering, some fleering,

Some loving, some shoving,

With legions of furbelow'd whores.

To the tavern some go,
 And some to the show,
 See poppets and moppets,
 Jack-puddens for cuddens,
 Rope-dancing, mares-prancing,
 Boats flying, quacks lying,
 Pick-pockets, pick-plackets,
 Beasts, butchers, and beaus :
 Fops prattling, dice rattling,
 Rooks shamming, putts damning,
 Whores painted, masks tainted
 In tally-mens furbelow'd clothes.
 The mob's joys wou'd you know ?
 To yon musick-house go ;
 See taylors and sailors,
 Whores, Molly and Dolly,
 Hear musick makes you sick ;
 Some skipping, some tripping,
 Some smoking, some joking,
 Like spiggot and tap ;
 Short measure, strange pleasure,
 Thus swilling and billing,
 Some yearly get fairly
 For fairings, pig, pork, and a clap.

SONG CI.

Would you have a young virgin of fifteen years ?
 You must tickle her fancy with sweets and
 dears ;
 Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly
 Sing a love-sonnet, and charm her ears ;
 Wittily, prettily talk her down ;
 Chase her and praise her, if fair or brown ;
 Sooth her and smooth her,
 And tease her and please her,
 And touch but her smicket, and all's your own.
 Do you fancy a widow well known in man ?
 With a front of assurance come boldly on ;
 Be at her each moment, and briskly, briskly
 Put her in mind how the time steals on ;

Rattle

Rattle and prattle, altho' she frown,
 Rouze her, and touze her from morn to noon,
 And shew her some hour
 You'll answer her dow'r,
 And get but her writings, and all's your own.
 Do you fancy a punk of a humour free,
 That's kept by a fumbler of quality?
 You must rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,
 That pleasure's best charm is variety:
 Swear her much fairer than all the town,
 Try her and ply her when cully's gone,
 Dog her and jog her,
 And meet her and treat her,
 And kiss with a guinea, and all's your own.

S O N G CII.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I;
 Freely welcome to my cup,
 Couldst thou sip, and sip it up:
 Make the most of life you may,
 Life is short, and wears away,
 Life is short, &c.
 Both alike are, mine and thine
 Hasten quick to their decline.
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,
 Tho' repeated to threescore;
 Threescore summers, when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one,
 Will appear, &c.

S O N G CIII.

A Very pretty fancy, a brave gallante show;
 A very pretty fancy, a brave gallante show;
 E juste come from *France*, a very pretty fancy,
 E juste come from *France*, *toute nouveau*.
 De first ting be de true picture of de great magnifi-
 cent city of *Londre*;
 Dat fill every part of de world wid-surprize, pleasure,
 and wonder:

Here de cunning *French*, de wise *Italian*, and *Spaniard* runne ;

And vere can dey go else, morbleu, to get quarter of de money ?

And for de diversions, dat make a de pleasure for dis great town,

Dey be so many, so fine, so pleasant, so cheap as never was known ;

Here be de *Hay-market*, vere de *Italian* opera do sweetly sound,

Dat cost a de brave gentry no more as two hundred thousand pound.

Here be de famous comedians of de world, de troupe *Italien*,

Dat make a de poor *English* weep, because dey vil troupe home agen ;

De toder place be mademoiselle *Violante* shew a thousand trick,

She jump upon de rope ten storie, and never break her neck.

Here be de wise managers shew all de wisdom of deir brain,

Dat make a de fine ting of *Wagner* and *Abericock* in *Drury-Lane* :

See how dey turn about, for deir own diversion, in the flying chair !

So prodigious entertainment vil never be dis thousand year.

SONG CIV.

I'LL tell thee, *Dick*, where I have been,

Where I the rarest things have seen,

Oh ! things without compare :

Such sights again cannot be found

In any place on *English* ground,

Be it at wake or fair.

At *Charing-Cross*, hard by the way,

Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,

There is a house with stairs ;

And

And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Vorty at least in pairs.

Among the rest one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger tho' than thine)
Walk'd on before the rest :
Our landlord looks like nothing to him ;
The king (God bless him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

At course a pack, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out,
By all the maids i' th' town :
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what ? The youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing ;
The parson for him staid :
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much wish all past,
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid !----and thereby hangs a tale----
For such a maid no *Whitson* ale
Could ever yet produce :
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck :
And to say truth (for out it must)
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light :
But oh ! she dances such a way !
No sun upon an *Easter* day
Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kiss'd her once or twice,

But she would not, she was so nice,

She would not do't in sight:

And then she looks as who should say,

I will do what I list to-day ;

And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,

No daisy makes comparison,

(Who sees them is undone :)

For streaks of red were mingled there,

Such as are on a *Catb'rine* pear,

(The side that's next the sun.)

Her lips were red ; and one was thin,

Compar'd to that was next her chin,

(Some bee had stung it newly :)

But (*Dick*) her eyes so guard her face,

I durst no more upon them gaze,

Than on the sun in *July*.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,

Thoud'it swear her teeth her words did break,

That they might passage get :

But she so handled still the matter,

They came as good as ours, or better,

And are not spent awhit.

If wishing should be any sin,

The priest himself had guilty been,

She look'd that day so purely :

And did the youth so oft the feat,

At night, as some did in conceit,

It would have spoil'd him surely.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,

And all the waiters in a trice

His summons did obey :

Each serving-man, with dish in hand,

March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,

Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,

What man of knife or teeth was able,

To stay to be intreated ?

And this the very reason was,

Before the parson could say grace,

The company was seated.

The

The bus'ness of the kitchen's great,
 For it is fit that men should eat,
 Nor was it there deny'd:
 Passion oh me! how I run on!
 There's that that would be thought upon,
 (I trow) besides the bride.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse,
 Healths first go round, and then the house,

The bride's came thick and thick;
 And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
 Perhaps he made it her's by stealth,

And who could help it, *Dick*?

O'th' sudden up they rise and dance:

Then sit again, and sigh and glance,

Then dance again and kiss:

Thus several ways the time did pass,

Till every woman wish'd her place,

And ev'ry man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside,

To counsel and undress the bride;

But that he must not know:

But yet 'twas thought he guess'd her mind,

And did not mean to stay behind.

Above an hour or so.

When in he came (*Dick*) there she lay,

Like new-fall'n snow melting away,

('Twas time, I trow, to part)

Kisses were now the only stay,

Which soon she gave, as who would say,

Good b'ye! with all my heart.

But, just as heav'n wou'd have, to cross it,

In came the bride-maids with the posset:

The bridegroom eat in spite:

For had he left the women to't,
 It would have cost two hours to do't,

Which were too much that night.

At length the candle's out, and now,

All that they had not done, they do:

What that is, who can tell!

But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With *Bridges* and with *Nell*.

SONG CV.

ASK not the cause, why sudden spring
So long delays her flow'rs to bear?

Why warbling birds forget to sing,

And winter storms invert the year?

Cbloris is gone, and fate provides

To make it spring where she resides.

Cbloris is gone; the cruel fair

She casts not back a pitying eye;

But left her lover in despair,

To sigh, to languish, and to die:

Ah, how can those fair eyes endure

To give the wounds they will not cure?

Great god of love, why hast thou made

A face that can all hearts command,

That all religions can invade,

And change the laws of ev'ry land?

Where thou hadst plac'd such pow'r before,

Thou should'st have made her mercy more.

When *Cbloris* to the temple comes,

Adoring crowds before her fall;

She can restore the dead from tombs,

And ev'ry life but mine recall:

I only am by love design'd

To be the victim for mankind.

SONG CVI.

OF a noble race was *Sbinken*,

The line of *Orwen Tudor*;

But her renown is fled and gone,

Since cruel love pursu'd her.

Fair *Winnie*'s eyes bright shining,

And her breasts alluring,

Poor *Sbinken*'s heart with fatal dart

Have wounded, past all curing.

Hux

Hur was the prettiest fellow
 At foot ball, or at cricket ;
 At hunting-chase, or prison-base,
 Cotspjut, how hur cou'd kick it!
 But now all joys are flying,
 All pale and wan hur cheeks too ;
 Hur heart so akes, hur quite forsakes
 Hur herrings and hur leeks too.
 No more must dear metheglin
 Be top'd at good *Montgomery* ;
 And if love smart sore one week more,
 Adieu cream-cheese and flummery.

S O N G C V I I .

L Isten all, I pray, to the words I've to say,
 In memory sure insert 'em ;
 Rich wines do us raise to the honour of bays ;
Quem non secere disertum ?
 Of all the brisk juice which the gods do produce,
 Claret shall be preferr'd before 'em :
 'Tis claret shall strait us mortals create
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.
 We abandon all ale, and beer that is stale,
Rosa solis, and damnable stum ;
 But sparkling red shall hold up its head
'Bove omne quod exit in um.
 This is the wine, that in former time
 Each wise one of the *Magi*
 Was wont to carouse in a chaplet of boughs,
Recubans sub tegmine fagi.
 Let the hop be their bane, let a rope be their shame,
 Let the gout and colick pine 'em,
 That offer to shrink in taking their drink,
Seu Græcum, siue Latinum.
 Let the glass fly about, till the bottle is out,
 Let each one do as he's done to ;
 'Vaunt those that hug th' abominable jug,
 'Mong us *Heteroclita sunt.*

There's no such disease as he that doth please
His palate with beer for to shame us ;

'Tis claret that brings to fancy its wings,
And says, *Musa majora canamus.*

He's either a mute, or does poorly dispute,
That drinketh not wine as we men do ;
The more wine a man drinks, like a subtle sphinx,
Tantum valet iste loquendo.

How it cheers the brains ! how it warms the veins !
How 'gainst all crosses it arms us !
How it makes him that's poor courageously roar,
Et mutatas dicere formas !

Give me the boy, my delight and my joy,
To my *tantum* that drinks his tale ;
By wine he that waxes, in our *Syntaxis*,
Est verbum personale.

Art thou weak or lame, or thy wits to blame ?
Call for wine, and thou shalt have it ;
'Twill make thee to rise, and be very wise,
Cui vinum natura negavit.

We have frolick rounds, we have merry go-downs,
Yet nothing is done at random ;
For when we're to pay, we club and away,
Id est commune notandum.

No vintners deny the lads that are dry,
But give 'em wine, whate'er it cost 'em ;
If they do not pay till another day,
Manet alta mente repostum.

Who ne'er fails to drink all clear from the brink
With a smooth and even swallow,
I'll offer at's shrine, and call it divine,
Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks still, and ne'er has his fill,
Has a passage like a conduit :
Brisk wine does inspire with rapture and fire,
Sic æther æthera fundit.

When we merrily quaff, if any go off,
And sily offer to pass ye ;
Give their nose a twitch, and kick 'em o'th' breech,
Nam compegnuntur ab asse.

I have

I have told you plain, and will tell you again,
 Be he as furious as *Orlando*,
 He is an afs that from hence doth pass,
Nisi bibit ad offia fiando.

S O N G C V I I I.

LET us drink and be merry,
 Dance, joke and rejoice,
 With claret and sherry,
 Theorbo and voice :
 The changeable world
 To our joy is unjust,
 All treasure's uncertain,
 Then down with your dust :
 In frolics dispose
 Your pounds, shillings and pence,
 For we shall be nothing
 An hundred years hence.
 We'll kiss and be free
 With *Moll, Betty, and Nelly*,
 Have oysters and lobsters,
 And maids by the belly :
 Fish-dinners will make
 A las spring like a flea,
 Dame *Venus* (love's goddess)
 Was born of the sea :
 With *Bacchus* and with her
 We'll tickle the sense,
 For we shall be past it
 An hundred years hence,
 Your most beautiful bit,
 That hath all eyes upon her,
 That her honesty sells
 For a hautgoust of honour ;
 Whose lightness and brightness
 Doth shine in such splendor,
 That none but the stars
 Are thought fit to attend her :
 Tho' now she be pleasant,
 And sweet to the sense,

Will

Will be damnable mouldy
An hundred years hence.

The usurer that
In the hundred takes twenty,
Who wants in his wealth,
And pines in his plenty:
Lays up for a season
Which he shall ne'er see,
The year one thousand
Eight hundred and three:
His wit and his wealth,
His learning and sense,
Shall be turn'd to nothing
An hundred years hence.

Your Chancery-lawyers,
Whose subtilty thrives
In spinning out suits
To the length of three lives:
Such suits which the clients
Do wear out in slavery,
Whilst pleader makes conscience
A cloak for his knav'ry:
May boast of subtilty
In th' present tense,
But *non est inventus*
An hundred years hence.

Then why should we turmoil
In cares and in fears,
Turn all our tranquillity
To sighs and to tears?
Let's eat, drink, and play,
Till the worms do corrupt us;
'Tis certain *post mortem*
Nulla voluptas.
Let's deal with our damsels,
That we may from hence
Have broods to succeed us
An hundred years hence.

SONG CIX.

AH! how sweet it is to love!
 Ah! how gay is young desire!
 And what pleasing pains we prove,
 When first we feel a lover's fire!
 Pains of love are sweeter far,
 Than all other pleasures are.
 Sighs which are from lovers blown,
 Do but gently heave the heart:
 Ev'n the tears they shed alone,
 Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
 Lovers, when they lose their breath,
 Bleed away, an easy death.
 Love and time with rev'rence use,
 Treat 'em like a parting friend;
 Nor the golden gifts refuse,
 Which in youth sincere they lend:
 For each year their price is more,
 And they less simple than before.
 Love, like spring-tides, full and high,
 Swells in ev'ry youthful vein:
 But each tide does less supply,
 Till they quite shrink in again;
 If a flow in age appear,
 'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

SONG CX.

UPon *Clarinda's* panting breast
 The happy *Strepbon* lay,
 With love and beauty jointly press'd
 To pass the time away.
 Fresh raptures of transporting love
 Struck all his senses dumb;
 He envy'd not the pow'rs above,
 Nor all the joys to come.
 As bees around the garden rove,
 To fetch their treasures home,
 So *Strepbon* trac'd the fields of love,
 To fill her honey-comb:

Her

Her ruby lips he kiss'd and press'd,
From whence all joys derive ;
Then humming round her snowy breast,
Strait crept into her hive.

SONG CXI.

TObacco's but an *Indian* weed,
Grows green at morn, cut down at eve ;
It shews our decay, we are but clay.
Think on this when you smoak tobacco,
The pipe that is so lily white,
Wherein so many take delight,
Is broke with a touch, man's life is such.
Think on this when you smoke tobacco.
The pipe that is so foul within,
Shews how man's soul is stain'd with sin ;
It does require to be purg'd with fire.
Think of this when you take tobacco.
The ashes that are left behind,
Do serve to put us all in mind,
That into dust return we must.
Think on this when you smoak tobacco.
The smoke that does so high ascend,
Shews that man's life must have an end ;
The vapour's gone, man's life is done.
Think on this when you take tobacco.

SONG CXII.

THus *Kitty*, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd.
Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordain'd ;
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.
Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd,
With *Abigails* forsaken ?
Kitty's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

Must

Must lady *Jenny* frisk about,
 And visit with her cousins?
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens?
 What has she better, pray, than I?
 What hidden charms to boast?
 That all mankind for her should die,
 Whilst I am scarce a toast.
 Dearest mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my fortune try;
 I'll have my earl as well as she,
 Or know the reason why.
 I'll soon with *Jenny's* pride quit score,
 Make all her lovers fall:
 They'll grieve I was not loos'd before,
 She, I was loos'd at all.
 Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way,
Kitty, at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire.

S O N G CXIII.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
 Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen
 and hall;
 No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
 No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate:
Derry down, down, down, derry down.
 Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,
 If at night he could purchase a jug of brown nappy;
 How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too
 most sweet,
 Saying, just to a hair I have made both ends to
 meet:
Derry down, &c.
 But love, the disturber of high and of low,
 That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau;
 He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the heart,
 I wish he had hit some more ignoble part:
Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry day,
That she shot the poor cobler quite over the way:

Derry down, &c.

He sung her love-songs, as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a *Jew* or a *Turk*:
Whenever he spake, she would flounce and would
flee,

Which put the poor cobler quite into despair:

Derry down, &c.

He took up his *all* that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd;
He pierc'd through his body instead of the *foal*,
So the cobler be dy'd, and the bell it did toll:

Derry down, &c.

And now in good will I advise as a friend,
All coblers take warning by this cobler's *end*:
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's
past,

That love brings us *all* to an *end* at the *last*.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G CXIV.

AS I beneath the myrtle shade lay musing,
Sylvia the fair, in mournful sounds

Venting her grief, the air thus wounds:

Oh! god of love, cease to torment me;

Send to my aid some gentle swain,

Whose balm apply'd may ease my pain.

Aloud I cry'd, and all the groves resounded,

Heavenly nymph complain no more,

Love does thy wish'd-for peace restore,

And sends a gentle swain to ease thee;

In whom a longing maid may find

A balm to cure her love-sick mind.

She blush'd and sigh'd, and push'd the medicine
from her,

Which still the more encreas'd her pain;

Finding at length she strove in vain,

Oh!

Oh! love, she cry'd, I must obey thee;
 Who can the raging smart endure?
 So suck'd the balm, and found the cure.

SONG CXV.

HOW blest 'd are beggar-lasses,
 Who never toil for treasure!
 We know no care, but how to share
 Each day's successive pleasure.
Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars still with bliss abound;
Mirth and joy ne'er can cloy.
Whilst the sparkling glass goes round.

A fig for gaudy fashions,
 No want of clothes oppresses us:
 We live at ease with rags and fleas;
 We value not our dresses.
Drink away, &c.

We scorn all ladies washes,
 With which they spoil each feature:
 No patch or paint our beauties taint;
 We live in simple nature.
Drink away, &c.

No colick, spleen, or vapours,
 At morn or ev'ning tease us;
 We drink not tea, or ratafie;
 When sick, a dram can ease us.
Drink away, &c.

What ladies act in private,
 By nature's soft complaisance,
 We think no crime when in our prime,
 To kiss without a licence.
Drink away, &c.

We know no shame or scandal,
 The beggars law befriends us;
 We all agree in liberty,
 And poverty defends us.
Drink away, &c.

1. 1. 1.

Like

Like jolly beggar-wench,
 Thus, thus, we drown all sorrow;
 We live to-day, and ne'er delay
 Our pleasure till to-morrow.
Drink away, &c.

SONG CXVI.

GO, vind the vicar of *Taunton Dean*,
 And he'll tell you the banns were asked;
 A good vat capon he had vor's pains,
 And I zent it home in a basket.
 And o' *Friday* night I was, by right,
 To have prov'd if she were a maiden;
 But now she's run with a soldier to town:
Heydledom, deydledom, cudden;
Heydon, cudden, cudden, Tom:
Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.

My mother she zold her blue game-cock,
 And a dainty brood of chicken:
 Then bought herself a canvas smock,
 And rack'd it up in the kitchen:
 And she bought me a cambrick band,
 With a bumpkin pair of breeches:
 Not thinking but *Joan*
 Would have made me *he* down:
 But i' faith she'd have none of those vetches.
Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom:
Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.

I'll take a hatchet and hang my zell,
 Before I'll endure these losses:
 Or else a rope in a dolesome well,
 For I never can bear these crosses:
 Or I'll go to some beacon high,
 (For i'vaith I am welly woden,)
 And throw my zelf down, her kindness to try.
Heydledom, deydledom, &c.

If she can think 'tis a better trade,
 This shooting of guns, and slashing,
 She'll vind herself but a simple jade,
 For there's more to be got by threshing.

I ne'er

I ne'er shall beg without a leg,
 Nor occasion have for a wooden;
 Nor cripple become,
 By vollowing a drum.
Heydledom, deydledom, cudden;
Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom:
Sing beydledom, deydledom, cudden.

S O N G CXVII.

Come, all ye sons of *Adam*,
 The which do haunt this place;
 Come, all you little eves-droppers,
 Who pass for babes of grace;
 Come, all you shapes and figures,
 And as you pass along,
 Pray mind a brother animal,
 And listen to his song.
Ob! Masquerades are fine things
For to delight the eyes;
And tho' they vex the foolish,
They don't offend the wise.

For why should mirth and pleasure,
 And harmless sport and play,
 Or speaking with sincerity,
 Be thought a ~~trade~~ essay?
 For when we mask our faces,
 We then unmask our hearts;
 And hide our lesser beauties,
 To shew our better parts.
Ob! Masquerades, &c.

Here all sorts of conditions
 Are sociable and free,
 They judge not by appearances,
 Which often disagree:
 A lord will court a skul lion,
 A lady hug a clown;
 A judge embrace most tenderly
 A madam of the town.
Ob! Masquerades, &c.

Here

Here party makes no difference,
 No politicians jar;
 Here statesmen lay aside their pride,
 And with it all their care.
A Babylonish dialect
 Inspires all the place;
 Which must produce, no doubt on't,
 A very sprightly race.
Ob! Masquerades, &c.

Here I an honest calling
 Have chosen at my leisure;
 For profit by the bye, sir,
 But in the main for pleasure:
 For pleasure each man hither comes,
 Each lady comes for pleasure;
 And, if I'm in the right, sir,
 Why then my song is measure.
Ob! Masquerades, &c.

S O N G CXVIII.

DO not ask me, charming *Phillis*,
 Why I lead you here alone
 By this bank of pinks and lilies,
 And roses newly blown.
 'Tis not to behold the beauty
 Of those flow'rs that crown the spring;
 'Tis to-----but I know my duty,
 And I dare not name the thing.
 'Tis, at worst, but her denying,
 Why should I thus fearful be?
 Ev'ry moment, gently flying,
 Smiles, and says, Make use of me.
 What the sun does to these roses,
 While the beams play gently in,
 I would-----but my fear opposes,
 And I dare not name the thing.
 Yet I die if I conceal it,
 Ask my eyes to ask your own;
 And if neither can reveal it,
 Think what lovers think alone.

On this bank of pinks and lilies,
 Might I speak what I would do ;
 I would with my lovely *Phillis*,
 I wou'd, I wou'd-----ah ! wou'd not you ?

S O N G CXIX.

HOW cruel is a parent's care,
 Who riches only prizes ?
 When finding out some booby heir,
 He thinks he wondrous wife is.
 While the poor maid, to shun her fate,
 And not to prove a wretch in state,
 To 'scape the blockhead she must hate,
 She weds where she despises.
 The harmless dove thus trembling flies
 The rav'nous hawk pursuing,
 A while her tender pinions tries,
 Till doom'd to certain ruin :
 Afraid her worst of foes to meet,
 No shelter near, no kind retreat,
 She drops beneath the faulkner's feet,
 For gentler usage suing.

S O N G CXX.

SOME sing *Molly Mog* of the *Rose*,
 And call her the *Oakingham* pelle ;
 Whilst others do ferses compose
 On peautiful *Molle Lepelle*.
 Put of all the young firsins so fair,
 Which *Pritain's* crete monarchy owns ;
 In peauty there's none to compare
 With hur charming dear *Gwinifrid Sbones*.
 Unenviet the splentit contition
 Of princes that sit upon thrones :
 The highest of all hur ambition
 Is the lose of fair *Gwinifrid Sbones*.
 Pold mortals the clobe will search ofer
 For cold and for tiamond stones ;
 Put hur can more treasure tiscofer
 In peautiful *Gwinifrid Sbones*.

From

From the piggeſt crete mountain in *Pritain*,
 Hur would venture the preaking hur pones,
 So that the ſoft lap hur might ſit on
 Of peautiful *Gwinifrid Sbones*.

Not the nightingale's pitiful note
 Can expreſs how poor *Shenkin* bemoans
 His fate, when in places remote
 Hur is abſent from *Gwinifrid Sbones*.

Hur loſe iſs than honey far ſweeter,
 And hur is no *Shenkin* ap Drones;
 Put hur would lapour in proſe and in metre
 To praiſe hur tear *Gwinifrid Sbones*.

As the harp of ſaint *Tavit* ſurpaſſes
 The pagpipes, poor tweetles and crones;
 So *Lepelle*, *Molly Mogg*, and all laſſes
 Are excell'd by hur *Gwinifrid Sbones*.

S O N G CXXI.

AS naked almoſt, and more fair you appear,
 Than *Diana* when ſpy'd by *Aſtæon*;
 Yet that ſtag-hunter's fate, your votaries here,
 We hope you're too gentle to lay on.
 For he like a fool took a peep, and no more,
 So ſhe gave him a large pair of horns, ſir:
 What goddeſs, undreſt, ſuch neglect ever bore?
 Or what woman e'er pardon'd ſuch ſcorn, ſir?
 The man who with beauty ſeaſts only his eyes,
 With the fair always works his own ruin:
 You ſhall find by our actions, our looks, and our
 ſighs,
 We're not barely contented with viewing.

S O N G CXXII.

DEjected as true converts die,
 But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd;
 So, faireſt, at your ſeet I lie,
 Of all my ſex's faults aſham'd.
 Too long, alas! have I deſy'd
 The force of love's almighty flame,

And

And often did aloud deride
 His godhead, as an empty name.
 But since so freely I confess
 A crime, which may your scorn produce,
 Allow me now to make it less,
 ' By any just and fair excuse.
 I then did vulgar joys pursue,
 Variety was all my bliss;
 But ignorant of love and you,
 How could I chuse but do amiss?
 If ever now my wand'ring eyes
 Search out temptations as before;
 If once I look, but to despise
 Their charms, and value yours the more:
 May sad remorse, and guilty shame,
 Revenge your wrongs on faithless me;
 And, what I tremble ev'n to name,
 May I lose all, in losing thee.

S O N G CXXIII.

W Hen first I sought fair *Calia's* love,
 And ev'ry charm was new,
 I swore by all the gods above,
 To be for ever true.
 But long in vain did I adore,
 Long wept and sigh'd in vain;
 She still protested, vow'd and swore
 She ne'er wou'd ease my pain.
 At last, o'ercome, she made me blest,
 And yielded all her charms;
 And I forsook her, when possess'd,
 And fled to others arms.
 But let not this, dear *Calia*, now
 Thy breast to rage incline;
 For why, since you forgot your vow,
 Shou'd I remember mine?

SONG CXXIV.

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
 My heart your own declare ;
 But, for heaven's sake, let it suffice,
 You reign triumphant there.
 Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
 Nor farther urge your sway ;
 Pres not for what I must deny,
 For fear I shou'd obey.
 But cou'd your arts successful prove,
 Wou'd you a maid undo,
 Whose greatest failing is her love,
 And that her love for you ?
 Say, wou'd you use that very pow'r
 You from her fondness claim,
 To ruin in one fatal hour
 A life of spotless fame ?
 Ah! cease my dear, to do an ill,
 Because perhaps you may ;
 But rather try your utmost skill
 To save me, than betray.
 Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
 Defend, and not pursue,
 Since 'tis a task for me too hard,
 To strive with love and you.

SONG CXXV.

TELL me, *Dorinda*, why so gay,
 With such embroid'ry, fringe and lace ?
 Can dresses find a way,
 To stop th' approaches of decay,
 And mend a ruin'd face ?
 Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,
 And ogle in the ring ?
 Can'st thou forget thy age and pox ?
 Can all that shines on shells and rocks
 Make thee a fine young thing !

So have I seen in larder dark
 Of veal a lucid loin,
 Replete with many a hellish spark,
 As wise philosophers remark,
 At once both stink and sing.

SONG CXXVI.

Sbe. LOVE's an idle childish passion,
 Only fit for girls and boys;

Marriage is a cursed fashion,

Women are but foolish toys.

Spight of all the tempting evils,

Still thy liberty maintain;

Tell 'em, tell the pretty devils,

Man alone was made to reign.

Sbe. Empty boaster I know thy duty,

Thou who dar'st my pow'r defy;

Feel the force of love and beauty,

Tremble at my feet and die.

Wherefore does thy colour leave thee?

Why these cares upon thy brow?

Did the rebel, pride, deceive thee?

Ask him, who's the monarch now!

SONG CXXVII.

ONCE I lov'd a charming creature,

But the flame, with which I burn,

Is not for each tender feature,

Nor for her wit and sprightly turn,

But for her down, derry, down derry,

But for her her down, derry, down derry.

On the grass I saw her lying,

Straight I seiz'd her tender waist,

On her back she lay complying,

With her lovely body plac'd

Under my down, &c.

But the nymph being young and tender,

Could not bear the smart,

Still unwilling to surrender,
 Call'd mamma to take the part
 Of her down, &c.
 Out of breath mamma came running,
 To prevent poor *Nancy's* fate;
 But the girl, now grown more cunning,
 Cry'd, *Mamma, you're come too late*;
 For I am down, &c.

SONG CXXVIII.

OLD MAN.

Why so cold? and why so coy?
 What I want in youth and fire,
 I have in love and in desire;
 To my arms, my love, my joy;
 Why so cold? and why so coy?

WOMAN.

'Tis sympathy, perhaps, with you;
 You are cold, and I'm so too.

OLD MAN.

My years alone have froze my blood;
 Youthful heat in female charms,
 Glowing in my aged arms,
 Wou'd melt it down once more into a flood.

WOMAN.

Women, alas! like flints, ne'er burn alone;
 To make a virgin know
 There's fire within the stone,
 Some manly steel must boldly strike the blow.

OLD MAN.

Assist me only with your charms,
 You'll find I'm man, and still am bold;
 You'll find I still can strike, tho' old;
 I only want your aid to raise my arms.

YOUTH.

Who talks of charms? who talks of aid?
 I bring an arm
 That wants no charm;
 To rouse the fire that's in a flinty maid.

Retire,

Retire, old age; winter, begone:
Behold, the youthful springs come gaily on;
Here, here's a torch to light a virgin's fire:
To my arms, my love, my joy;
When women have what they desire,
They're neither cold nor coy.

SONG CXXIX.

FOR many unsuccessful years
At *Cynthia's* feet I lay,
Bathing them often with my tears;
I sigh'd, but durst not pray.
No prostrate wretch, before the shrine
Of some lov'd saint above,
E'er thought his goddess more divine,
Or paid more awful love.
Still the disdainful nymph look'd down,
With coy insulting pride,
Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
Or turn'd her head aside.
Then *Cupid* whisper'd in my ear,
Use more prevailing charms,
You modest whining fool, draw near,
And clasp her in your arms.
With eager kisses tempt the maid,
From *Cynthia's* feet depart,
The lips he briskly must invade,
That wou'd possess the heart.
With that, I shook off all the slave,
My better fortunes try'd,
When *Cynthia* in a moment gave
What she for years deny'd.

SONG CXXX.

OF *Anna's* charms let others tell,
Or bright *Eliza's* beauty:
My song shall be of *Blouxibel*,
To sing of her's my duty:

The fair, who arm'd with *Cupid's* darts,
His flames, add other matters,
Is all around behung with hearts,
As beggars are with tatters.

To lavish nature much she owes,
And much to education:
The girls and boys, and belles and beaux;
Are struck with admiration;
For, blended in her cheek, there lies
The carrot and the turnip,
And who beholds her blazing eyes,
His very heart they burn up.

Her dainty hands are red and blue,
Her teeth all black and yellow!
Her curling hair of saffron hue!
Her lips like any tallow!
Her voice so loud, and eke so shrill,
Far off it is admir'd!
Her tongue---which never yet lay still,
And yet was never tir'd!

Ten thousand wonders rise to view
All o'er the lovely creature;
The pearly sweat, like morning-dew,
Gilds ev'ry shining feature!
As *Isaac* of his *Esau* said,
She like a forest favours;
Thrice happy man, for whom the maid
Reserves her hidden favours.

O *Blouxibel*! for thee we pant,
To thee our hopes aspire;
For thou hast all that lovers want
To quench their raging fire.
Then kindly take us to thine arms,
And in compassion save us
From *Anna's* and *Eliza's* charms,
Which cruelly enslave us.

SONG CXXXI.

IN good king *Charles's* golden days,
 When loyalty had no harm in't,
 A zealous High-church man I was,
 And so I got preferment:
 To teach my flock I never mist,
 Kings are by God appointed;
 And those are damn'd that do resist,
 And touch the Lord's anointed.

*And this is law, I will maintain
 Until my dying day, sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I will be vicar of Bray, sir.*

When royal *James* obtain'd the throne,
 And Pop'ry came in fashion,
 The penal laws I hoisted down,
 And read the declaration:
 The church of *Rome* I found would fit
 Full well my constitution,
 And had become a *Jesuit*,
 But for the revolution.

And this is law, &c.

When *William* was our king declar'd,
 To ease this nation's grievance;
 With this new wind about I steer'd,
 And swore to him allegiance:
 Old principles I did revoke,
 Set conscience at a distance,
 Passive-obedience was a joke,
 And pish was non-resistance.

And this is law, &c.

When gracious *Anne* ascends the throne,
 The church of *England's* glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a Tory:
 Occasional-conformists base,
 I damn'd their moderation,
 And thought the church in danger was
 By such prevarication.

And this is law, &c.

She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.
 O had I all that wealth
 Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfill,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Peaty's mill,
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.

SONG CXXXIV.

WITH an old song made by an old antient pate,
 Of an old worshipful gentleman, that had a
 great estate,
 Which kept an old house at a bountiful rate,
 And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate :
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady whose anger a good word asswa-
 ges,
 Who every quarter pays her old servants their wa-
 ges.
 Who never knew what belong'd to coachmen,
 footmen, nor pages ;
 But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and
 badges.

Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
 With an old reverend parson, who you may judge
 by his looks,
 With an old buttery-hatch worn quite off the
 hooks,
 And an old kitchen, that maintains half a dozen of
 cooks,

Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall hung about with guns, pikes and
 bows,
 With old swords and bucklers that have borne ma-
 ny shrewd blows,

And

And an old frize coat to cover his worship's trunk
hose,

And a Cup of old sherry to comfort his copper nose.

Like an old, &c.

With an old Fashion, when *Christmas* is come,
To call in his neighbours with Bagpipe and Drum ;
And good chear enough to furnish every old room,
And old Liquor able to make a cat speak and a man
dumb ;

Like an old, &c.

With an old huntsman, a falconer and a kennel of
hounds,

Which never hunted nor hawked but in his own
grounds ;

Who like an old wife man kept himself within his
bounds :

And when he dy'd, gave every child a thou'and old
pounds.

Like an old, &c.

But to his eldest son, his house and land too he as-
sign'd ;

Charging him in his will to keep the old bountiful
mind :

To love his good old servants, and to his neighbours
be kind ;

But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was
inclin'd.

Like a young courtier, &c.

Like a young gallant newly come to his land,
That keeps a brace of whores at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his own land ;
And lies drunk in a new tavern, till he can neither
go nor stand ;

Like a young, &c.

With a neat lady that is brisk and fair,

That never knew what belong'd to good house-
keeping or care ;

But buys several fans to play with the wanton air ;

And seventeen or eighteen dressings of other men's
hair ;

Like a young, &c.

With a new hall, built where the old one stood,
Wherein is burned neither coal nor wood ;
And a shovel-board table smooth and red as blood.
Hung round with pictures that do the poor no good.

Like a young, &c.

With a new study stufft full of pamphlets and plays
With a new chaplain that swears faster than he
prays :

With a new battery-hatch that opens once in four or
five days,

With a new French cook to make kickshaws and
toys.

Like a young, &c.

With a new fashion when *Christmas* is come,
With a new journey up to *London* we must be gone,
And leave no body at home but our new porter *John*,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back
with a stone,

Like a young, &c.

With a gentleman-usher whose carriage is compleat ;

With a footman, coachman, and page to carry meat ;

With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is very
neat ;

Who when the master has din'd, lets the servants
not eat.

Like a young, &c.

With a new honour bought with the old gold ;

That many of his father's old manors had sold ;

And this is the occasion that most men do hold

That good house-keeping is now grown so cold.

Like a young courtier of the king's,

Or the king's young courtier.

S O N G CXXXV.

SYLVIA the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth, as she lay on the
green.

She had heard of a pleasure, and something she guest,
By the towzing and tumbling and touching her breast ;
She

She saw the men eager but was at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so
close ;

By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

Ah ! she cry'd ; ah ! for a languishing maid
In a country of christians to die without aid !
Not a whig, or a tory, or trimmer at least,
Or a protestant parson, or catholick priest,
To instruct a young virgin, that is at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so
close ;

By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

Cupid in shape of a swain did appear,
He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near,
Then shew'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear.
When the balm was infus'd, she was not at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing and kissing so
close ;

By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

SONG CXXXVI.

IN a dark silent shady grove,
Fit for the delights of love,
As on *Corinna's* breast I panting lay,
My right hand playing with *Ecaterina*.

A thousand words and amorous kisses,
Prepared us both for more substantial blisses;
And thus the hasty moments slipt away,
Lost in the transports of *& cætera*.

She blush'd to see her innocence betray'd,
And the small opposition that she made,
Yet hugg'd me close, and with a sigh did say,
Once more, my dear, once more *& cætera*.

But oh! the pow'r to please this nymph was past,
Too violent a flame can never last;
So we remitted to another day
The prosecution of *& cætera*.

S O N G CXXXVII.

YO U N G Roger came tapping at Dolly's Win-
dow, *Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump;*

He begg'd for admittance, she answer'd him no,
Glumpaty, glumpaty, glump.

My Dolly, my dear, your true love is here,
Dumpaty, dumpaty, dump.

No, no, Roger, no, as you come you may go,
Stumpaty, stumpaty, stump.

O what is the Reason, dear Dolly, he cry'd,
Humpaty, &c.

That thus I'm cast off, and unkindly deny'd,
Trumpaty, &c.

Some rival more dear, I guess has been here,
Crumpaty, &c.

Suppose there's been two fir, pray what's that to you?
Numpaty, &c.

O! then with a sigh, his sad farewell he took,
Humpaty, &c.

And all in despair, he leap'd into the brook,
Plumpaty, &c.

His courage he cool'd, he found himself fool'd,
Mumpaty, &c.

He swam to the shore, and saw Dolly no more,
Dumpaty, &c.

O!

O! then she recall'd, and recall'd him again,
Numpaty, &c.
 Whilst he, like a mad-man, ran over the plain,
Stumpaty, &c.
 Determin'd to find a damsel more kind,
Plumpaty, &c.
 While Dolly's afraid, she must die an old maid.
Mumpaty, &c.

SONG CXXXVIII.

REmember, *Daman*, you did tell,
 In chastity you lov'd me well;
 But now, alas! I am undone,
 And here am left to make my moan.
Ho, bo, rab, in Amburab,
Ho, and bo, derry
Hi, and bi, derry,
Ho, ——— derry, derry, derry, derry, Amburab.

To doleful shades I will remove,
 Since I'm despis'd by him I love,
 Where poor forsaken nymphs are seen,
 In lonely walks of willow green.
Ho, bo, rab, &c.

Upon my dear's deluding tongue
 Such soft persuasive language hung,
 That when his words had silence broke,
 You wou'd have thought an angel spoke.
Ho, bo, rab, &c.

Too happy nymph, whoe'er she be,
 That now enjoys my charming he;
 For, oh! I fear it to my cost,
 Sh'as found the heart that I have lost.
Ho, bo, rab, &c.

Beneath the fairest flow'r on earth,
 A snake may hide or take its birth;
 So his false breast conceal it did,
 His heart, the snake that there lay hid.
Ho, bo, rab, &c.

'Tis false, who says we happy are,
 Since men delight our hearts t'ensnare:
 In man no woman can be blest,
 Their vows are wind, their love's a jest.

Ho, ho, rab, &c.

Ye gods, in pity to my grief,
 Send me my *Damon*, or relief;
 Return that wild delicious boy,
 Whom once I thought my spring of joy.

Ho, ho, rab, &c.

But, whilst I'm begging of this bliss,
 Methinks I hear you answer this;
 Whom *Damon* has enjoy'd, he flies,
 Who sees him, loves, who loves him, dies.

Ho, ho, rab, &c.

There's not a bird that haunts this grove,
 But is a witness of my love;
Echo repeats my plaintive moans,
 The waters imitate my groans;
 The trees their bending boughs recline,
 And droop their heads, as I do mine.

Ho, ho, rab, &c.

S O N G CXXXIX.

AT St. *Ossyb* by the mill
 There lives a lovely lass;
 Oh! had I her good-will,
 How gaily life wou'd pass!
 No bold intruding care
 My bliss shou'd e'er destroy,
 Her smiles wou'd gild despair,
 And brighten ev'ry joy.

Like nature's rural scene,
 Her artless beauties charm;
 Like them, with joy serene,
 Our wishing hearts they warm;
 Her wit with sweetness crown'd,
 Stea's ev'ry sense away,
 The list'ning swains around
 Forget the short'ning day.

Health, freedom, wealth, and ease,
 Without her tasteless are ;
 She gives them pow'r to please,
 And makes them worth our care ;
 Is there, ye fates, a bliss
 Reserv'd my future share ;
 Indulgent hear my wish,
 And grant it all in her.

SONG CXL.

IF love be a fault, and in me thought a crime,
 How great my offence, bear ye witness, O time !
 The days and the nights, and the hours, as they
 roll'd,
 You know may be felt, but are ne'er to be told.
 One day pass'd away, and saw nothing but love,
 Another came on, and the same thing did prove :
 The sun it grew tir'd still to look on the same,
 But I grew more pleas'd when the next moment
 came.

I saw you all day, and, each night, with new gust,
 And yet ev'ry day was to me as the first :
 Thus fleeting time passes, with down on its wings,
 And whilst this remains, rest unenvy'd ye kings.
 If this be my crime, be my judges, ye fair ;
 And if I must suffer for what is so rare,
 True lovers hereafter this wonder shall tell,
 The cause of my death is for loving too well.

SONG CXLI.

HOW brimful of nothing's the life of a beau !
 They've nothing to think of, they've nothing
 to do ;
 Nor nothing to talk of, for nothing they know :
Such, such is the life of a beau, &c.
 For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh air ;
 Spend the morning in nothing, but curling their hair,
 And do nothing all day, but sing, saunter and stare :
Such, such is, &c.

For nothing, at night, at the play-house they crowd,
To mind nothing done there, they always are proud
But to bow, and to grin, and talk nothing aloud:
Such, such is, &c.

For nothing they run to th' assembly and ball,
And for nothing, at cards, a fair partner they call:
For they still must be beasted, who've----nothing
at all:
Such, such is, &c.

For nothing, on Sundays, at church they appear;
For they've nothing to hope, nor they've nothing
to fear;
They can be nothing no where, who've nothing are
here:
Such, such is, &c.

SONG CXLII.

WITH early horn
Salute the morn,
That gilds this charming place;
With cheerful cries,
Bid *Echo* rise,
And join the jovial chase.
The vocal hills around,
The waving woods,
The crystal floods,
All, all return th' enliv'ning sound.

SONG CXLIII.

'TIS not your wealth, my dear,
Nor wit, nor shape, nor air,
Nor beauty past compare,
Makes me a lover:
Your sweet complying mind,
Your pride in being kind,
Without the teasing way
Of pish, nay fie, nay pray,
Has brought me over.

SONG

S O N G CXLIII.

A Certain presbyterian pair
Were wedded t'other day,
And when in bed the lambs were laid,
Their pastor came to pray.

But first, he bad each guest depart,
Nor sacred rites profane;
For carnal eyes such mysteries
Can never entertain.

Then with a puritanick air
Unto the Lord he pray'd;
That he would please to grant increase
To that same man and maid:

And that the husbandman might dress
Full well the vine his wife;
And like a vine, she still might twine
About him all her life.

Sack-potter then he gave them both,
And said, with lifted eyes,
Blest of the Lord! with one accord,
Begin your enterprize.

The bridegroom then drew near his spouse,
T'apply prolifick balm;
And while they strove in mutual love,
The parson sung a psalm.

S O N G CXLIV.

Haste *Lucretia*, when you left me,
You of all things dear bereft me;
Tho' I shew'd no discontent.

Grief is strongest,
And the longest,
When too great to find a vent.

How much fiercer is the anguish,
When we most in secret languish!
Silent streams are deepest found:

Noisy grieving
Is deceiving,
Empty vessels make most sound.

Had I words that could reveal it,
Yet I wisely would conceal it;
Tho' the question be but fair:

Grief and merits,
Love and spirits,
Always lose by taking air.

Guardian-angels still defend you,
And surprizing joys attend you;

Whilst I'm like the winter sun:

Faintly shining,
And declining,
Till thy charming spring return.

SONG CXLV.

Come, take your glass, the northern lass
So prettily advis'd.

I drank her health, and really was
Agreeably surpriz'd.

Her shape so neat, her voice so sweet,

Her air and mien so free;

The Siren charm'd me from my meat,

But take your drink, said she.

If from the north such beauty comes,

How is it that I feel

Within my breast, that glowing flame

No tongue can e'er reveal

Tho' cold and raw the north-wind blow,

All summer's on her breast;

Her skin was like the driv'n snow,

But sun-shine all the rest.

Her heart may northern climate melt,

Tho' frozen now it seems;

That joy with pain be equal felt,

And balanc'd in extremes.

Then like our genial wine she'll charm

With love my panting breast:

Me, like our sun, her heart shall warm,

Be ice to all the rest.

SONG CXLVI.

L eave kindred and friends, sweet *Betty*,
 Leave kindred and friends for me;
 Assur'd thy servant is steady
 To love, to honour, and thee.
 The gifts of nature and fortune
 May fly by chance, as they came;
 They're grounds the destinies sport on,
 But virtue is ever the same.
 Altho' my fancy were roving,
 Thy charms so heav'nly appear,
 That other beauties disproving,
 I'd worship thee only, my dear.
 And should life's sorrows embitter
 The pleasure we promis'd our loves,
 To share them together is fitter,
 Than moan assunder, like doves.
 Oh! were I but once so blessed,
 To grasp my love in my arms!
 By thee to be grasped and kissed,
 And live on thy heaven of charms!
 I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
 Should fortune capricious prove;
 Tho' death should tear me to pieces,
 I'd die a martyr to love.

SONG CXLVII.

L ove's a gentle, gen'rous passion,
 Source of all sublime delights;
 Which with mutual inclinations
 Two fond hearts in one unites.
 What are titles, pomp, or riches,
 If compar'd with true content;
 That false joy which now bewitchet,
 When obtain'd we may repent.
 Lawless passions bring vexation,
 But a chaste and constant love
 Is a glorious emulation
 Of the blissful state above.

SONG

SONG CXLVII.

CHarming *Chloe*, look with pity
 On your faithful love-sick swain,
 Hear, oh! hear his doleful ditty,
 And relieve his mighty pain.
 Find you musick in his sighing?
 Can you see him in distress?
 Wishing, trembling, panting, dying,
 Yet afford no kind redress!
Strepbon mov'd by lawless passion,
 For no favours rudely sues;
 All his flame is out of fashion,
 Ancient honour for him woees.
 Love for love's the swain's ambition,
 But if that is deem'd too great;
 Pity, pity his condition,
 Say, at least, you do not hate.
 Shou'd you, fonder of a rover,
 Practis'd in the art of guile,
 Slight so true and kind a lover,
Chloe, might not *Strepbon* smile?
 Yes, well-pleas'd at thy undoing,
 Vulgar lovers might upbraid;
Strepbon, conscious of thy ruin,
 Soon would be a silent shade.

SONG CXLIX.

DAmon ask'd me but once, and I faintly deny'd,
 Intending to snap him the next time he try'd.
 But alas! he's determin'd to ask me no more,
 And now makes his suit to the fam'd *Leonore*.
 Yet why shou'd I grieve? for I am well assur'd,
 Had he lov'd me, he ne'er wou'd have ta'en the first
 word;
 Tho' he fawns and he cringes, I'll venture to say,
 That man is a fool, that will take the first may.

Had

Had his love been sincere, and he really in pain,
 He then wou'd have ask'd me again and again;
 But adieu; let him go; for I never will vex:
 A swain that's in earnest allows for our sex.

SONG CL.

Sabina in the dead of night

In restless slumbers wishing lay,
Cynthia was bawd, and her clear light
 To loose desires did lead the way:

I stepp'd to her bedside with bended knee,

And sure *Sabina* saw,

And sure *Sabina* saw,

And sure *Sabina* saw,

I'm sure she saw, but would not see.

I drew the curtains of the lawn,

Which did her whiter body keep;

But still the nearer I was drawn,

Methought the faster she did sleep;

I call'd *Sabina* softly in her ear,

And sure *Sabina* heard, but would not hear,

Thus, as some midnight thief (when all

Are wrapp'd into a lethargy)

Silently creeps from wall to wall,

To search for hidden treasury:

So mov'd my busy hand from head to heel,

And sure *Sabina* felt, but would not feel,

Thus I ev'n by a wish enjoy,

And she without a blush receives;

As by dissembling most are coy,

She by dissembling freely gives:

For you may safely say, nay swear it too,

Sabina she did hear,

Sabina she did see,

Sabina she did feel,

She did hear, see, feel, sigh, kiss and do.

SONG CLI.

MEthinks the poor town has been troubled so long,
 With *Phillis* and *Chloris* in every long;
 By fools who at once can both love and despair,
 And will never leave calling them cruel and fair:
 Which justly provokes me in rhyme to express,
 The truth that I know of my bonny black *Bess*.
 This *Bess* of my heart, this *Bess* of my soul,
 Has a skin white as milk, but hair black as a coal;
 She's plump, yet with ease you may span round her
 waist,
 But her round swelling thighs can scarce be embrac'd:
 Her belly is soft, not a word of the rest,
 But you know what I mean, when I drink to the best.
 The plowman, and 'squire, the erranter clown,
 At home she subdu'd in her paragon gown;
 But now she adorns the boxes and pit,
 And the proudest town gallants are forc'd to submit:
 All hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,
 And beat day and night, like my lord---'s drums;
 But to those who have had my dear *Bess* in their
 arms,
 She's gentle, and knows how to soften her charms;
 And to every beauty can add a new grace,
 Having learn'd how to lisp, and trip in her pace:
 And with her head on one side, and a languishing
 eye,
 To kill us with looking, as if she would die.

SONG CLII.

WHAT dire misfortune hath befall,
 Each quiv'ring beau and tuneful Belle!
 Soft *Farinelli's* killing note,
 For *Spain* has caught him by the throat,
 Far, far away he's forc'd to stay
 Killing, thrilling,
 Thrilling, killing:
 Ruin'd, lost, and quite undone,
 Charming *Farinelli's* gone.

Our

Our tears had scarcely ceas'd to flow,
That *Senesino* needs would go,
When strait a heavier loss we know,
Dear *Farinelli's* kidnapt too.

Farinelli, Senesino,

Senesino, Farinelli,

Ruin'd, lost, and quite undone,
Both the warblers, both are flown.

O cruel *Spain!* will nought suffice,
Will nought redeem the lovely prize:
Take all our ships, take all our men,
So we enjoy but him again.

O send him straight, our nobles wait,

O send him quick, we all are sick.

Ruin'd! lords and commons all,
From *St. James's* to *Guildhall*.

S O N G CLIII.

SOoner than I'll my love forego,
And lose the man I prize;
I'll bravely combat ev'ry woe,
Or fall a sacrifice.

Nor bolts, nor bars, shall me controul,
I death and danger dare:
Restraint but fires the active soul,
And urges fierce despair,

The window now shall be my gate,
I'll either fall or fly;
Before I'll live with him I hate,
For him I love, I'll die.

S O N G CLIV.

I Love, I doat, I rave with pain,
No quiet in my mind;
Tho' ne'er could be a happier swain,
Where *Sylvia* less unkind:

For when, as long her chain I've worn,
I ask relief from smart;
She only gives me looks of scorn,
Alas! 'twill break my heart.

G

My

My rivals rich in worldly store,
 May offer heaps of gold:
 But surely I a heav'n adore,
 Too precious to be sold.

Can *Sylvia* such a coxcomb prize
 For wealth, and not desert,
 And my poor sighs and tears despise?
 Alas! my heart will break.

When, like some wanting hov'ring dove,
 I for my blifs contend;
 And plead the cause of eager love,
 She coldly calls me friend.

Ah! *Sylvia*, thus in vain you strive
 To act a healing part:
 'Twill keep but ling'ring pain alive,
 Alas! and break my heart.

When on my lonely pensive bed
 I lay me down to rest,
 In hopes to calm my raging head,
 And cool my burning breast;

Her cruelty all ease denies,
 With some sad dream I start;
 All drown'd in tears I find my eyes,
 And breaking feel my heart!

Then rising, thro' the path I rove
 That leads me where she dwells;
 Where to the senseless waves my love
 Its mournful story tells.

With sighs I dew and kiss the door,
 Till morning bids depart:
 Then vent ten thousand sighs and more,
 Alas! 'twill break my heart.

But, *Sylvia*, when this conquest's won,
 And I am gone, and cold;
 Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
 Nor glory when 'tis told:

For ev'ry lovely gen'rous maid
 Will take my injur'd part;
 And curse thee, *Sylvia*, I'm afraid,
 For breaking my poor heart!

SONG CLV.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee, prithee, prithee why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill, looking ill prevail?
 Why so dull and mute young sinner?
 Prithee, prithee why so mute;
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing, nothing do't?
 Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
 This cannot, take her;
 If of herself she will not love;
 Nothing can make her,
 The devil take her.

SONG CLVI.

A Wig that's full,
 An empty skull,
 A box of *Burgamot*;
 A hat ne'er made
 To fit his head.
 No more than that to plot.
 A hand that's white,
 A ring that's right,
 A sword, knot, patch and feather;
 A gracious smile,
 And grounds and oil,
 Do very well together.
 A smatch of *French*,
 And none of sense,
 All-conquering airs and graces;
 A tune that thrills,
 A leer that kills,
 Stol'n flights and borrow'd Phrases.
 A chariot gilt,
 To wait on jilt,
 An awkward pace and carriage;
 G 2 A foreign

A foreign tour,
 Domestick whore,
 And mercenary marriage.
 A limberham,
 G---- d----ye m'am,
 A smock-face, tho' a mann'd one;
 A peaceful sword,
 Not one wise word,
 But state and prate at random.
 Duns, bastards, claps,
 And am'rous scraps
 Of *Cælia* and *Amadis*;
 Toss up a beau,
 That grand ragon,
 That hodge-podge for the ladies.

S O N G CLVII.

SEE how fair and fine she lies
 Upon her bridal bed;
 No lady at the court,
 So fit for the sport,
 Oh! she look'd so curiously white and red:
 After the first and second time,
 The weary bridegroom slack his pace;
 But oh! she cries, come, come, come my joy,
 And cling thy cheek close to my face:
 Tinkle, tinkle, goes the bell under the bed,
 Whilst time and touch they keep;
 Then with a kiss
 They end their bliss,
 And so fall fast asleep.

S O N G CLVIII.

Pursuing beauty, men descry
 The distant shore, and long to prove,
 (Still richer in variety)
 The treasure of the land of love.
 We women, like weak *Indians*, stand
 Inviting, from our golden coast,

The

The wand'ring rovers to our land ;
 But she, who trades with 'em is lost.
 With humble vows they first begin,
 Stealing, unseen, into the heart ;
 But by possession settled in,
 They quickly act another part.
 For beads and baubles we resign,
 In ignorance, our shining store ;
 Discover nature's richest mine,
 And yet the tyrants will have more.
 Be wise, be wise, and do not try,
 How he can court, or you be won ;
 For love is but discovery,
 When that is made, the pleasure's done.

S O N G C L I X.

O H! what a plague is love,
 I cannot bear it ;
 She will unconstant prove,
 I greatly fear it ;
 It so torments my mind,
 That my heart faileth ;
 She wavers with the wind,
 As a ship faileth ;
 Please her the best I may,
 She loved still to gain say,
 Alack, and well-a-day!

Pbillida flouts me.

At the fair t'other day,
 As she pass'd by me,
 She look'd another way,
 And wou'd not spy me.
 I woo'd her for to dine,
 But could not get her,
 Dick had her to the wine,
 He might entreat her.
 With *Daniel* she did dance,
 On me she wou'd not glance ;
 Oh thrice unhappy chance!

Pbillida flouts me.

Fair maid be not so coy,
 Do not disdain me;
 I am my mother's joy;
 Sweet, entertain me:
 I shall have, when she dies,
 All things that's sitting;
 Her poultry, and her bees,
 And her goose sitting;
 A Pair of mattress beds,
 A barrel full of shreds:
 And yet, for all these goods,
Pbillida flouts me.

I often heard her say,
 That she lov'd posies;
 In the last month of May
 I gave her roses,
 Cowslips, and gilly-flowers,
 And the sweet lilly,
 I got to deck the bowers
 Of my dear *Pbily*.
 She did them all disdain,
 And threw them back again
 Therefore 'tis flat, and plain,
Pbillida flouts me.

Thou shalt eat curds and cream
 All the year lasting,
 And drink the crystal stream,
 Pleasant in tasting:
 Swig whey, until you burst,
 Eat bramble-berries,
 Pye-lid, and pastry crust,
 Pears, plumbs, and cherries;
 Thy garments shall be thin,
 Made of a weather's skin:
 Yet all's not worth a pin.
Pbillida flouts me.

Which way soe'er I go,
 She still torments me:
 And whatsoe'er I do,
 Nothing contents me:

I fade, and pine away,
 With grief and sorrow ;
 I fall quite to decay,
 Like any shadow ;
 I shall be dead, I fear,
 Within a thousand year,
 And all because my dear
Phyllida flouts me.

Fair maiden, have a care,
 And in time take me ;
 I can have those as fair,
 If you forsake me.
 There's *Doll*, the dairy-maid,
 Smil'd on me lately,
 And wanton *Winnifred*
 Favours me greatly ;
 One throws milk on my clothes,
 T'other plays with my nose ;
 What pretty toys are those !
Phyllida flouts me.

She has a cloth of mine,
 Wrought with blue *Coventry*,
 Which she keeps as a sign
 Of my fidelity :
 But if she frowns on me,
 She shall ne'er wear it.
 I'll give it my maid *Joan*,
 And she shall tear it.
 Since 'twill no better be,
 I'll bear it patiently ;
 Yet all the world may see
Phyllida flouts me.

SONG CLX.

OH! where's the plague in love,
 That you can't bear it ?
 If Men wou'd constant prove,
 They need not fear it.

Young maidens, soft and kind,
Are most in danger ;
Men waver with the wind,
Each man's a ranger :
Their falshood makes us known,
That two strings to our bow
Is best, I find it so :

Barnaby doubts me,

'Tis I that shou'd despair,
'Tis you that slight me.
What tho' when at the fair
Dick did invite me ;
Tho' *Daniel* with me danc'd
You may believe me,
I often on thee glanc'd,
I'd not deceive thee ;
I saw thee look awry,
I knew the reason why,
I can see with one eye,

Barnaby doubts me.

Thou young and silly boy,
Do I disdain thee ?
Because thou'rt mother's joy,
I'd entertain thee ;
Yet, wish I not her death,
For ought she'd leave thee,
Nor when time stops her breath,
Will I deceive thee.
What care I for her geese.
Or beds of carded fleece ?
Since this quite breaks my peace,

Barnaby doubts me.

What tho' when I did say
That I lov'd posies,
You, in the month of *May*,
Brought me sweet roses ?
You never shew'd the thing
That most wou'd please me ;
A gay gold wedding-ring
Wou'd soon have eas'd me.

I shou'd

I shou'd not with disdain
Have thrown it back again ;
I think 'tis flat, and plain,
Barnaby doubts me,

Talk not of curds and cream,
Pears, plumbs, and cherries ;
Nor of the chrystal stream,
Or bramble-berries :
Most surely you forget
Our wonted frisking,
The cock'ril on the spit,
And the pork grisking ;
With more that might be said,
When I got dame to bed ;
Yet, oh ! unhappy maid,
Barnaby doubts me.

You say, whate'er you do,
Nothing contents thee ;
I pray it may be so,
Whilst thou torment'st me.
I pine, and sigh, all night,
And wish for morrow,
I can have no delight,
I'm full of sorrow.
Oh ! if I die, I fear,
Within a thousand year,
My ghost will make't appear,
Barnaby doubts me.

I knit thy worsted hose,
To save the penny,
But wou'd not spot thy clothes,
Like idle *Winnny* :
Yet wanton *Winnifred*
You like much better ;
Or *Dell*, the dairy-maid,
If you cou'd get her.
Ungrateful *Barnaby*,
How can'st thou threaten me ?
But I knew how 'twould be,
Barnaby doubts me.

The cloth I have of thine,
 Wrought with blue *Coventry*,
 Which thou gav'st as a sign
 Of thy Fidelity,
 I'll give it back again,
 To thee as token,
 That by a perjur'd swain
 My sad heart's broken.
 Oh! *Barnaby* unkind,
 Thou'lt quite distract my mind,
 Too late, alas! I find,

Barnaby doubts me.

S O N G CLXL.

TWO Gossips they merrily met
 At nine in the morning full soon;
 And they were resolv'd for a whet,
 To keep their sweet voices in tune.
 Away to the tavern they went;

‘ Here *Joan* I vow and protest,
 That I have a crown yet unspent,
 Come let's have a cup of the best.

‘ And I have another, perhaps,
 ‘ A piece of the very same sort;
 ‘ Why should we sit thrumming of caps,
 ‘ Come, drawer, and fill us a quart!
 ‘ And let it be liquor of life,
 ‘ Canary, or sparkling wine!
 ‘ For I am a buxom young wife,
 ‘ And I love to go gallant and fine.

The drawer as blythe as a bird
 Came skipping with cap in his hand,
 ‘ Dear ladies, I give you my word,
 ‘ The best shall be at your command;
 A quart of canary he drew,
Joan fill'd up a glass and begun,
 ‘ Here gossip's a bumper to you,
 ‘ I'll pledge you, girl, were it a tun!

‘ And

- ' And, pray gossip, didn't you hear
 ' The common report of the town ?
 ' A 'Squire of five hundred a year
 ' Is marry'd to *Doll* of the *Crown* :
 ' A draggel-tail'd slut, on my word,
 ' Her clothes hanging ragged and foul ;
 ' In troth he would fain a bird,
 ' That would give a groat for an *owl*.
 ' And she had a sifter last year,
 ' Whose name they call'd galloping *Peg*,
 ' She'd take up a straw with her ear,
 ' I warrant her right as my leg !
 ' A *Brewer* he got her with child,
 ' But e'en let them brew as they bake ;
 ' I knew she was wanton and wild,
 ' But I'll neither meddle nor make.
 ' Nor I, gossip *Joan*, by my troth,
 ' Tho' nevertheless I've been told,
 ' She stole seven yards of broad cloth,
 ' A ring and a locket of gold ;
 ' A smock and a new pair of shoes,
 ' A flourishing madam was she ;
 ' But *Margery* told me the news,
 ' And it ne'er shall go further for me.
 ' We were at a gossiping club,
 ' Where we had a cheruping cup,
 ' Of good humming liquor, strong bub !
 ' Your husband's name there it was up,
 ' For bearing a powerful sway,
 ' All neighbours his valour have seen ;
 ' For he is a C--kold they say,
 ' A constable, gossip, I mean.
 ' Dear gossip, a slip of the tongue
 ' No harm was intended in mind ;
 ' Chance words they will mingle among
 ' Our others, we commonly find :
 ' I hope you won't take it amiss
 ' No, no, that were folly in us ;
 ' And if we perhaps get a kiss,
 ' Pray what are our husbands the worse ?

SONG CLXII.

HAppy the man whose wish and care,
 A few paternal acres bound ;
 Content to breathe his native are,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find,
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away ;
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night, study and easy
 Together mixt, sweet recreation
 And innocence, which most does please,
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
 Thus unlamented let me die :
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lye.

SONG CLXIII.

FAirest isle, all isles excelling,
 Seat of pleasures and of love,
Venus here will chuse her dwelling,
 And forsake her *Cyprian* grove.
Cupid from his fav'rite nation,
 Care and envy will remove,
 Jealousy, that poisons passion,
 And despair that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining ;
 Sighs that blow the fire of love ;
 oft repulses, kind disdainings,
 Shall be all the pains you prove.

Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,
 Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove;
 And as these excell in beauty,
 Those shall be renown'd for love.

S O N G CLXIV.

WElcome, welcome, brother debtor,
 To this poor, but merry place,
 Where no bailiff, dunn, nor setter,
 Dare to shew his frightful face;
 But, kind sir, as you're a stranger,
 Down your *Garnish* you must lay,
 Or your coat will be in danger,
 You must either strip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement,
 From your children or your wife,
 Wisdom lyes in true resignation,
 Thro' the various scenes of life.
 Scorn to shew the least resentment,
 Tho' beneath the frowns of fate,
 Knaves and beggars find contentment,
 Fears and care attend the great.

Tho' our creditors are spiteful,
 And restrain our bodies here,
 Use will make a goal delightful,
 Since there's nothing else to fear.
 Ev'ry island's but a prison,
 Strongly guarded by the sea,
 Kings and princes, for that reason,
 Pris'ners are as well as we.

What was it made great *Alexander*
 Weep at his unfriendly Fate?
 'Twas because he could not wander
 Beyond the world's strong prison gate.
 For the world is also bounded,
 By the heav'ns and stars above,
 Why should we then be confounded,
 Since there's nothing free but love.

S O N G

SONG CLXV.

Col. O My little *Punchinello*,
My little dapper fellow,
Have you heard that *Farinello*,
Is coming over ?

Punch. O no — my *Columbino*,
I hear that *Carissbino*,
The famous *Carissbino*,
Who has pleas'd both the King and Queen-o,
Sets out for *Dover*.

Col. But I hope my *Senesino*
Is no such rover ?

Punch. O, no, your *Senesino*
Has lick'd himself quite clean-o,
Has, of thousands, made fifteen-o,
And lives in clover.

Col. After *Porpora* or *Handel*,
Where d'ye think the town will dandle ;
Or who shall hold the candle ?

Punch. ——— I care not a farthing,
But *Harlequin's Lun-o*
Has cook'd a deal of fun-o
Of Pantomine and pun-o,
And expects a mighty run-o
At *Covent-Garden*.

Col. Shall us go and see the fun-o
At *Covent-Garden*.

Punch. In play-houses, full fix-o,
One knows not where to fix-o,
Till they let us in for nix-o,
That's *Punch's* bargain.

Both. In play-houses, &c.

SONG

S O N G CLXVI.

W H Y should we that ambition call,
 To get at court a servile place,
 Where to please one we flatter all,
 And must gain honour by disgrace ;
 Where, for our pleasure and our ease,
 We suffer pain and weariness ?

Where all things we must say, or do,
 Which farthest are from mind, or heart ;
 Still those who run from us pursue,
 And to gain trust, with virtue part :
 Where we (ourselves more high to raise)
 Our faith and honour must debase.

Where we must say as great fools say,
 Do what great knaves will have us do,
 That we for wits with coxcombs may,
 With fools for politicians go ;
 To gain court-favour there and praise,
 With all the world besides disgrace.

Where we must flatter him we hate,
 Or, what is worse, him we despise :
 To broken slumbers lie down late,
 And early to proud levees rise,
 Must pass our youth in real pain,
 For ease in age to hope in vain.

Where we must change day into night,
 Night into day, at others will ;
 Must take disgusts to give delight,
 And slight good men to honour ill ;
 Make many foes, nay be our own,
 To gain a friend where there is none.

S O N G CLXVII.

M Others, thro' too much pride or love,
 Ne'er fail of inclination,
 To breed their children far above
 The level of their station.

The

The farmer to the dancing-school
Must send his awkward daughter,
To spend what he should give the fool,
To match her well hereafter.

So when the whench by am'rous sighs
Declares she's ripe and ready,
In *Minuet* and in *Boree* lies
The fortune of my lady.
Thus bred, the wanton clumsy lass
A working life despises,
And rather chusing to be base,
She falls before she rises.

When if the hoyden had been bred
To th' ladle and the needle,
She would not then have been misled,
To ogle, kiss, and wheedle.
Wherefore those parents act awry,
And in the main deceive 'em,
Who breed their children proudly high,
Yet little have to give 'em.

SONG CLXVIII.

PHillis, as her wine she sipp'd in,
Gaily talking with her swain,
Into her hand he sily sipp'd in
Tal, tal, tal, tal,
A full glass of brisk *Champaigne*.

Why so coy, said he, and fickle?
Must I always sigh in vain?
Must I never hope to tickle
Tal, tal, &c.
Your ear with a merry strain?

Long have I been tofs'd and fretting,
Like a sailor on the main;
Sure, at length 'tis time to get in,
Tal, tal, &c.
To the port I hope to gain.

Hearts

Hearts you take delight in stealing,
Of new conquests still are vain ;
Torture others whilst I'm feeling,
Pleasure that is void of pain.

Won at length, she listen'd kindly,
And from love could not refrain ;
So in the nick the nymph was finely
Fitted for her cold disdain.

S O N G CLXIX.

IF the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears ;
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises the spirits, and charms our ears.

Roses and lillies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those,

Press her,
Cares her,
With blisses,
Her kisses

Dissolve us in pleasure, and soft repose.

S O N G CLXX.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
That *Chloe*'s false and common ;

By heav'n, I all along believ'd

She was a very woman :

As such I lik'd, as such carefs'd,

She still was constant when possess'd,

She cou'd do more for no man.

But, ho ! her thoughts on others ran ;

And that you think a hard thing :

Perhaps she fancy'd you the man ;

Why, what care I one farthing ?

You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind,

I'll take her body, you her mind ;

Who has the better bargain ?

S O N G

SONG CLXXI.

YE winds, to whom *Collin* complains
 In ditties so sad, and so sweet,
 Believe me, the shepherd but feigns
 He's wretched, to shew he has wit.
 No charmer like *Collin* can move,
 And this is some pretty new art :
 Ah ! *Collin's* a jugler in love,
 And likes to play tricks with my heart.

When he will, he can sigh and look pale,
 Seem doleful, and alter his face,
 Can tremble, and breathe out his tale,
 Ah ! *Collin* has every Pace.
 The willow my rover prefers
 To the breasts where he once begg'd to lie ;
 And the streams that he swells with his tears,
 Are rivals belov'd more than I.

His head my fond bosom would bear,
 And my heart would soon bear him to rest ;
 Let the swain that is slighted despair,
 But *Collin* is only in jest,
 No death the deceiver designs,
 Let the maid that is ruin'd despair ;
 For *Collin* but dies in his lines,
 And gives himself that modish air.

Can shepherds, bred far from the court,
 So wittily talk of their flame ?
 But *Collin* makes passion his sport,
 Beware of so fatal a game.
 My voice of no musick can boast,
 Nor my person of aught that is fine ;
 But *Collin* may find to his cost,
 A face that is fairer than mine.

Ah ! then I will break my lov'd crook,
 To thee I'll bequeath all my sheep ;
 And die in the much favour'd brook,
 Where thou but pretendest to weep.

Then

Then mourn the sad fate that you gave,
In sonnets so smooth and divine ;
Perhaps I may rise from my grave,
To hear such soft musick as thine.

Of the violet, daisy, and rose,
The heart's ease, the lily, and pink,
Let thy fingers a garland compose,
And crown'd by the rivulet's brink :
How oft, my dear swain, did I swear,
How much my fond soul did admire
Thy verses, thy shape, and thy air,
Tho' deck'd in thy rural attire.

Your sheep-hook rul'd with such art,
That all your small subjects obey'd ;
And still you reign'd king of his heart,
Whose passion you falsely upbraid.
How often, my swain, have I said,
That thy arms were a palace to me ;
And how well I could live in a shade,
Tho' adorn'd with nothing but thee ?

Oh ! what are the sparks of the town,
Tho' never so fine, and so gay ?
I freely would leave beds of down,
For thy breast, and a bed of new hay.
Then, *Collin*, return once again,
Again make me happy in love ;
Let me find thee a faithful, true swain,
And as constant a nymph I will prove.

S O N G CLXXII.

AS the snow in vallies lying,
Phæbus his warm beams applying,
Soon dissolves and runs away ;
So the beauties, so the graces,
Of the most bewitching faces,
At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant, when degraded,
Is despis'd, and is upbraided

By

By the slaves he once controul'd ;
 So the nymph, if none could move her,
 Is condemn'd by every lover,
 When her charms are growing old.

Melancholick looks and whining,
 Grieving, quarrelling and pining,
 Are th' effects your rigorous move ;
 Soft caresses, am'rous glances,
 Melting sighs, transporting trances,
 Are the blest effects of love.

Fair ones ! while your beauty's blooming,
 Employ time, lest age resum'g
 What your youth profusely lends ;
 You are robb'd of all your glories,
 And condemn'd to tell old stories
 To your unbelieving friends.

SONG CLXXIII.

MY goddess *Lidia*, heavenly fair,
 As lily sweet, as soft as air,
 Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,
 And to my love give fresh alarms.

O ! let me gaze on these bright eyes,
 Tho' sacred lightning from them flies ;
 Shew me the soft, the modest grace,
 Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me *Ambrosia*, in a kiss,
 That I may rival *Jove* in bliss,
 That I may mix my soul with thine,
 And make the pleasure all divine.

O hide thy bosom's killing white,
 (The milky-way is not so bright)
 Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress,
 With beauty's pomp, and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
 Of my kind heart the vital blood ?
 Thou art all over endless charms ;
 O ! take me dying to thy arms.

SONG

SONG CLXXIV.

PRithee *Billy*,
 Ben't so silly,
 Thus to waste thy days in grief;
 You say, *Betty*
 Will not let ye;
 But can sorrow give relief?
 Leave repining,
 Cease your whining;
 Pox on torment, grief, and woe:
 If she's tender,
 She'll surrender;
 If she's tough, e'en let her go.

SONG CLXXV.

HAve you seen battledore play,
 Where the shuttlecocks fly to and fro one?
 Or, have you noted an *April* day, now raining,
 Now shining, now warming, now storming?
 Ah! just, just such as these is a woman.
 Love and true merit do seldom prevail,
 For always we hold a wet eel by the tail;
 Their tongues ne'er are idle, their humour's a riddle,
 They prick with their needle, and ogle and wheedle;
 And if they have charms,
 'Tis rarely that beauty is true t'ye,
 For few or none you are sure are your own,
 But in your arms.

SONG CLXXVI.

BY the gaily circling glaſs
 We can see how minutes paſs;
 By the hollow caſk are told
 How the waining night grows old.
 Soon, too ſoon, the buſy day
 Drives us from our ſport and play.
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of care! 'twas made for you.

S O N G CLXXVII.

Would you taste the noontide air ?
 To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
 Where woven with the poplar bough
 The mantling vine will shelter you.

Down each side a fountain flows,
 Tinkling, murmuring, as it goes
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Sultry *Phœbus* scorching round.

Round the languid herds and sheep
 Strich'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep,
 While on the hyacinth and rose
 The fair does all alone repose.

All alone ——— and in her arms
 Your breast may beat to love's alarms,
 Till blest and blessing you shall own,
 The joys of love are joys alone.

S O N G CLXXVIII.

Fame's an echo, prattling double,
 An empty, airy, glittering bubble,
 A breath can swell, a breath can sink it,
 The wise not worth their keeping think it.

Why then, why such toil and pain,
 Fame's uncertain smiles to gain ?
 Like her sister, fortune, blind,
 To the best she's oft unkind,
 And the worst her favour find,

S O N G CLXXIX.

THE wonton god that pierces hearts,
 Dips in gall his pointed darts,
 But the nymph disdains to pine,
 Who baths the wound with rosy wine.

Farewe

Farewel lovers, when they're cloy'd;
If I'am scorn'd, because enjoy'd,
Sure the squeamish fops are free
To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please,
I love them much, but more my easy;
Nor jealous fears my love molest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy disdain?
All I hope of mortal man,
Is to love me — whilst he can.

S O N G CLXXX.

FROM tyrant laws and customs free,
We follow sweet variety,
By turns we drink, and dance, and sing.
Love for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules controul
Transports of the jovial soul?
No dull stinting hour we own:
Pleasure counts our time alone.

S O N G CLXXXI.

ON every hill, in every grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear conscious scenes of former love,
I mourn, and *Damon* is my theme,
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
But *Damon* there I seek in vain.

Now to the mossy cave I fly,
Where to my swain I oft have sung,
We pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,
As o'er the airy steep they hung.
The mossy cave, the goats remain,
But *Damon* there I seek in vain.
Now

Now thro' the rambling vale I pass,
 And sigh to see the well-known shade,
 I weep, and kiss the bended grass,
 Where *Love* and *Damon* fondly play'd.
 The vale, the shade, the grass remain,
 But *Damon* there I seek in vain.
 From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more,
 Each flower in pity droops its head,
 All nature does my loss deplore.
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet *Damon* still I seek in vain.

S O N G CLXXXII.

BY dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
 The wood nymphs deck'd with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
 What has night to do with sleep?
 Night has better sweets to prove;
Venus now wakes, and wakens *Love*:
 Come, let us our rites begin;
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

S O N G CLXXXIII.

PReach not me your musty rules,
 Ye drones that mould in idle cell;
 The heart is wiser than the schools,
 The senses always reason well.
 If short my span, I less can spare
 To pass a single pleasure by;
 An hour is long, if lost in care,
 They only live, who life enjoy.

S O N G CLXXXIV.

I F lov's a sweet passion, why does it torment?
 If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my content?
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain?
 Or, grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?

Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my
heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate silence I make my love known.
But oh! how I'm blest, when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake to discover her love;
When in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other, what neither dare name.

SONG CLXXXV.

IF wine be a cordial, why does it torment?
If a poison, oh tell me, whence comes my content?
Since I drink it with pleasure, why should I complain?
Or repent ev'ry morn, when I know 'tis in vain.
Yet so charming the glass is, so deep is the quart,
That at once it both drowns and enlivens my heart.
I take it off briskly, and when it is down,
By my jolly complexion I make my joy known.
But oh! how I'm blest, when so strong it does prove,
By its sovereign heat to expel that of love!
When in quenching the old, I create a new flame,
And am wrapt in such pleasures that still want a
name.

SONG CLXXXVI.

OF all the toasts that Britain boasts,
The gim, the gent, the jolly,
The brown, the fair, the debonair,
There's none cry'd up like Polly;
Sh'as fir'd the town, has quite cut down
The opera of Rolli;
Go where you will, the subject still
Is pretty, pretty Polly.
There's madam *Faustina Catso*,
And eke madam *Catsoni*,
Likewise signior *Senesino*,
Are tutte abandonni.

H

Ha,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, do re mi fa,
 Are now but satire and folly;
 We're ravish'd all with toll, loll, loll,
 And pretty, pretty Polly.

The sons of bays, in lyric lays,
 Sound forth her praise in print-o,
 And as we pass, in frame and glass
 We see her metzotinto:

In *Ivy-Lane*, the city strain
 Is more on strait-lac'd Dolly;
 And all the brights at *Man's* and *White's*
 Of nothing talk but Polly.

Ah! *Johnny Gay*, thy lucky play
 Has made the criticks grin-a:

'They cry, 'tis flat, 'tis this, 'tis that,
 But lest them laugh that win-a:

I swear *parbleu*, 'tis naïf and new,
 All nature is but folly,

'Thas lent a stitch to rent of *Rich*,
 And set up madam Polly.

Ah! tuneful fair, beware, beware,
 Nor toy with star and garter;

Fine cloaths may hide a foul inside,
 And you may catch a *Tartar*.

If powder'd fop blow up your shop,
 'Twill make you melancholy;

Then left to rot, you'll die forgot,
 Alas! alas! poor Polly.

SONG CLXXXVII.

AS *Damon* late with *Chloe* sat,
 They talk'd of am'rous blisses;

Kind things he said, which she repaid
 In pleasing smiles and kisses.

With tuneful tongue, of love he sung;
 She thank'd him for his ditty:

But said, one day she heard him say,
 The flute was mighty pretty.

Young

Young *Damon*, who her meaning knew,
 Took out his pipe to charm her ;
 And while he strove with wanton love
 And sprightly airs to warm her,
 She begg'd the swain to play one strain
 In all the softest measure,
 Whose killing sound would sweetly wound,
 And make her die with pleasure.
 Eager to do't, he takes the flute,
 And ev'ry accent traces ;
 Love trickling thro' his fingers flew,
 And whisper'd melting graces :
 He play'd his part with wond'rous art,
 Expecting praises after ;
 But she, instead of falling dead,
 Burst out into a laughter.
 Taking the hint, as *Chloe* meant,
 Said he, my dear, be easy ;
 I have a flute, which, tho' 'tis mute,
 May play a tune to please you.
 Then down he laid the charming maid,
 He found her kind and willing,
 He play'd again, and tho' each strain
 Was silent, yet 'twas killing.
 Fair *Chloe* soon approv'd the tune,
 And vow'd he play'd divinely ;
 Let's have it o'er, said she, once more,
 It goes exceeding finely :
 The flute is good that's made of wood,
 And is, I own, the neatest ;
 Yet ne'ertheless I must confess,
 The silent flute's the sweetest.

S O N G CLXXXVIII.

Dear *Chloe*, attend
 To th' advice of a friend,
 And for once be admonish'd by me :
 Before you engage
 To wed with old age,
 Think how summer and winter agree,
 Think how summer and winter agree.

So antient a fruit,
 For want of a root,
 Is doom'd to a speedy decay ;
 Youth might ripen your charms,
 But old age in young arms
 Is like frosty weather in *May*.
 Believe me, dear maid,
 When the best cards are play'd,
 You seldom can meet with a trump ;
 And to help the jest on,
 When the sucker is gone,
 What a plague would you do with a pump ?
 Let men of threescore
 Think of wedlock no more,
 They need not be fond of that noose ;
 The cripple that begs,
 Without any legs,
 Can have no great occasion for shoes.
 A clock out of repair
 Doth but badly declare
 The hour of the day or the night ;
 For unless, my dear love,
 The pendulum move,
 'Twould be strange if the clock should go right.

SONG CLXXXIX.

When *Orpheus* went down to the regions below,
 Which men are forbidden to see ;
 He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,
 To set his *Eurydice* free,
 —to set his *Eurydice* free.
 All hell was astonish'd, a person so wise,
 Should rashly endanger his life,
 And venture so far ; but how vast their surprize !
 When they heard that he came for his wife.
 —how vast their surprize ! when they heard
 that he came for his wife.
 To find out a punishment due to the fault,
 Old *Pluto* had puzzl'd his brain ;

But

But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again,
—so he gave him, &c.

But pity succeeding, soon vanquish'd his heart,
And pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again, in reward of his art;
Such power had musick in hell.
—in reward, &c.

S O N G CXC.

W H E N *Orpheus* went down to the regions below,
To bring back the wife that he lov'd;
Old *Pluto* confounded, as histories show,
To find that his musick so mov'd:

That a woman so good, so virtuous and fair,
Shou'd be by a man thus trappann'd
To give up her freedom for sorrow and care,
He own'd she deserv'd to be damn'd.

For punishment he never study'd a whit,
The torments of hell had not pain
Sufficient to curse her; so *Pluto* thought fit
Her husband shou'd have her again.

But soon he compassion'd the woman's hard fate,
And knowing of mankind so well,
He recall'd her again, before 'twas too late,
And said, she'd be happier in hell.

S O N G CXCI.

A T the close of the day,
When the bean-flow'r and hay
Breath'd odours in ev'ry wind:
Love enliven'd the veins
Of the damsels and swains;
Each glance and each action was kind.

Molly, wanton and free,
Kiss'd, and sat on each knee,
Fond ecstasie swam in her eyes:
See, thy mother is near,
Hark! she calls thee to hear
What age and experience advise.

Hast thou seen the blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,

All glossy with purple and gold ?
If a kiss he obtain,
She returns it again :

What follows you need not be told.

Look ye, mother, she cry'd,
You instruct me in pride,
And men by good-manners are won.
She who trifles with all
Is less likely to fall

Than she that but trifles with one.

Prithee, *Molly*, be wise,
Lest by sudden surprize

Love should tingle in ev'ry vein :
Take a shepherd for life,
And when once you're a wife,
You safely may trifle again.

Molly smiling, reply'd,
Then I'll soon be a bride ;
Old *Roger* has gold in his chest.
But I thought all you wives
Chose a man for your lives,
And trifled no more with the rest.

S O N G CXCII.

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade,
With arms across, and head reclin'd ;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, sighs, and actions seem'd to say,
My *Chloe* is unkind.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats ?
Ye larks, ye linnets cease your strains ;
I faintly hear in your sweet notes,
My *Chloe's* voice that wakes my pains :
Yet why should you your song forbear ?
Your mates delight your song to hear,
But *Chloe* mine disdains.

As thus he melancholy stood,
Dejected as the lonely Dove;
Sweet sounds broke gently thro' the wood.

I feel the sound; my heart-strings move.
'Twas not the nightingale that sung;
No. 'Tis my *Cbloe's* sweeter tongue.
Hark, hark! what says my love?

How foolish is the nymph, she cries,
Who trifles with her lover's pain!
Nature still speaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O *Daphnis*, *Daphnis*, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd.
Come back, dear youth, again.

As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew;
Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,
And hasty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain:
Then hadst thou prest my hand again,
My heart had yielded too!

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That swell'd thy lip and rosie cheek;
Think not my skill in song defam'd,
That lip shou'd other pleasures seek:
Much, much thy musick I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more, to hear thee speak.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone;
Last night with *Delia's* dog he play'd,
Love by such trifles first comes on.
Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey.
Ah! *Cbloe*, thou art won.

The youth stept forth with hasty pace,
And found where wishing *Cbloe* lay;
Shame sudden lighten'd in her face,
Confus'd, she knew not what to say.
At last, in broken words, she cry'd;
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am lost to day.

S O N G CXCIH.

I Heard much talk of *Oxford* town,
And fain I wou'd go thither ;
When ploughing and sowing, that was done,
It being gallant weather.

Father he did to't agree,
That *Nell* and I shou'd go :
But mother cry'd, that we shou'd ride,
So we had *Dobbin* too.

So I goes unto sister *Nell*,
And bids her make her ready ;
And put on all her zundy clofe,
As fine as any lady :
'Tis a gallant day ; the morning's grey,
And likely to be fair ;
Therefore make haste, and soon be lac'd,
And I'll go bait the mare.

So up upon the mare we got,
And away we rid together ;
And every body as we met,
We ask'd how far 'twas thether.
Till at the last, when on the top
Of *Cbiffelden* hill we ris ;
'I somewhat spy'd, like steeples ; and cry'd,
Zooks, *Nell*, look yonder 'tis.

So when as nearer to't we came,
We see folks, infant thick ;
I heard a little bastard zay,
Look, here comes country *Dick*.
Another bastard call'd me *Ralph*,
And how is't, honest *Joan* ?
Nay *Roger* too, and little *Sue* ;
And all the folk at home.

So we rode on and nothing said,
But looked for an alehouse ;
At last we zee a hugeous sign
As big as any gallows ;

It was two dogs: so in we rode,
 And called for the hostler:
 Out came a luffy fellow then,
 I w'an'd he was a wrofler;

Here take this horse, and set'en up;
 And ge'en a lock of hay;
 For we be come to zee the town,
 And tarry here all day.

Yes, Sir; he said; and call'd the maid
 That stood within the entry:
 She had us into a room as clean,
 As tho' we'd both been gentry.

So we zet down, and bid 'em fetch
 A flaggon of their beer:

But when it come, *Nell* shook her head,
 And zed 'twas plaguy dear.

Says she to me, if we stay here long,
 'Twill soon make us go a begging;

For I am shure it cannot be
 So much as old *Martin's* flaggon.

So we got up and away we went
 To zee the gallant town;

And at the gate we met a man
 With a pitiful ragged gown:

As for his sleeves, I do believe
 That they was both tore off;

And instead of a hat, he wore a cap,
 'Twas a trencher cover'd we cloth.

And as we were going along the town,
 I thote I had found a knife;

I stooped down to take it up,
 But was ne'er so shaim'd in my life.

For the underside was all be—t
 With an arrant christian's t—d:

The boys fell a hollooying, an *April* fool,
 But I zed ne'er a word.

As we went through a narrow lane
 One ketch'd fast hold of sister;

He'd parsons close, and he du'dnt know us;
 But fain he wou'd ha' kiss'd her.

He was plaguy fine; but to my mind

He look'd much like a wench:

I up wi' my stick, and ge'en a lick,

I b'lieve, I slit his trencher.

Then we went into a fine place;

And there we went to church:

I kneeled down to say my pray'rs,

And d'ndnt think no hurt.

In the middle of the pray'rs, just up the stairs,

Was bagpipes to my thinking;

And the folk below, fell a finging too,

As tho' they'd been a drinking.

I du'dnt like the doings there,

And so I took my hat:

I du'dnt think they wou'd ha' done so,

In zitch a place as that:

But *Nell* was for staying, till the'd quite done play-

Because she lik'd the tune; ing,

For she was sure, she ne'er did hear

Old *Crundall* play't at home.

Then we went into a fine garden,

All up upon a hill;

And just below, a dial did grow

Much like a waggon-wheel:

But bigger by half, which made me laugh,

'Twas like a garden knot;

When the zun shown bright, it went as right

As our parson's clock.

Then we went out o' that fine place,

And went into another,

Which was forty times as fine

As any of the other:

Bless me, our *John*, quite all along

There's books piled up like mows;

Faith *Nell* I wish that mother was here,

If 'twas not for the cows.

And in the middle stood two things

As round as any ball;

They told us 'twas the picture of

The world, the zea, and all:

And

And those that knew how to turn 'em right,
 And how to turn 'em round,
 Cou'd tell us what it was a clock
 In the world under ground.

And many more things they cou'd tell
 That was a'most as'traings;
 As when the sun shou'd set and rise,
 And when the moon shou'd change:
 I du'dnt care to stond so near,
 When all these things I heard;
 For I thote in my heart, it was the black art,
 And I was a little ascard.

The sun being low, then we begun
 To think of going home;
 But one thing more we zaw before
 We got quite out of town:
 We went apace; for being in haste,
 For fear of being benighted;
 Two hugeous men stood strutting within,
 And *Nell* and I was frighted.

Nell had a colour as red as a rose,
 And darst nut go no furdur;
 They had bloody weapons in their hands,
 Stood ready there for murder:
 So we went back and took our mare,
 And away come trotting home;
 Wi' stories enough to tell father and mother,
 And little sister *Joan*.

S O N G CXCIV.

There was an old woman and she had a son;
 And they liv'd together, as you shall see,
 With hard pains and small gains;
 Yea, and a landlord he would be.
Tol de rol, &c.

I went to beg some buttermilk, mother,
 Of an old woman that had good store:
 She gave me a good reward,
 For I have half a gallon or more.
Tol de rol, &c.

I'll go and sell my buttermilk, mother ;
 I shall have a penny for't, you shall see,
 With my money I will buy eggs,
 I shall have seven for my penny.
Tol de rol, &c.

I'll set my eggs then under a hen ;
 If seven cock-chickens they chance for to be,
 Seven cock-chickens are seven capons,
 And that will be seven half crowns to me.
Tol de rol, &c.

Then I'll go to the market, mother,
 Where none but fine folks I shall see,
 With my money I will buy land
 Yea, and a landlord I will be.
Tol de rol, &c.

Then quoth the old woman, how wilt thou know
 When thou hast gotten such store of pelf ? me
 Prithce, dear mother, who shou'd I know then,
 For I shall hardly know myself.
Tol de rol, &c.

With that the old woman was sorely distressed,
 And she began for to roar and bawl ;
 She hit her son a squelch on the breast,
 Down came buttermilk, pitcher and all.
Tol de rol, &c.

S O N G C X C V.

OF *Leinster*, fam'd for maidens' fair,
 Bright *Lucy* was the grace ;
 Nor e'er did *Liffy's* limpid stream
 Reflect so fair a face.
 'Till luckless love, and pining care,
 Impair'd her rosy hue ;
 Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
 And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh, have you seen a lily pale,
 When beating rains descend ?
 So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
 Her life now near its end.

By

By *Lucy* warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair ;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring ;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flap his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay ;
I see a hand, you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I dye !

Am I to blame, because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I ?

Ah, *Colin* ; give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone ;

Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kisses,
Nor think him all your own.

To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare ;

But know, fond maid ; and know, false man,
That *Lucy* will be there.

There bear my corse, ye comrades, bear

The bride-groom blithe to meet ;

He in his wedding-trim so gay,

I in my winding-sheet.

She spoke, she dy'd ! — her corse was born,

The bridegroom blithe to meet ;

He in his wedding-trim so gay,

She in her winding-sheet.

Oh ! what were perjur'd *Colin*'s thoughts ?

How were those nuptials kept ?

The bride-men flock'd round *Lucy* dead,

And all the village wept.

Compas-

Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,

At once his bosom swell ;
The damps of death bedew'd his brows,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, (ah, bride no more !)

The varying crimson fled ;
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.

He to his *Lucy's* new-made grave,
Convey'd with trembling swains ;
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at this grave, the constant hind

And plighted maid are seen ;
With garlands gay and true loves-knots
They deck the sacred green.

But swain forsworn, who'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear ;
Remember *Colin's* dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

SONG CLXCVI.

Give ear, you sons of *Britain*,
Of greater crimes I sing,
Than ever before were writ on,
Since the time of a queen or a king,
All done by *John duke of Marlborough*.

Most men have some ambition
In this dead time of news,
To tell of the deposition
Of Christians and eke of Jews
Against *John duke of Marlborough*.

This man by constitution
Was made for liberty ;
He helped the late revolution,
On purpose to hurt popery,
Did this *John duke of Marlborough*.

The

The next great crime of many,
 His troublesome pride to shew,
 Was marching to high *Germany*,
 Where he gave them that damnable blow.

Did this *John duke of Marlborough*.

And more to mend the matter,
 To his shame and great reproach,
 An army he made take water,
 And their general seat by a coach;

All proved on *John duke of Marlborough*.

To shew his whig devotion,
 In keeping the sabbath day;
 He the murder at *Ramilly* began,
 All upon a *Whitsunday*,

O heathenish *John duke of Marlborough*!

Tho' busy on his slaughtering,
 His avarice ran so high;
 That rather than spare the most christian king,
 He ten thousand pounds gave to a spy.

O covetous *John duke of Marlborough*!

At *Oudenard* so ill to treat foes,
 And make poor widows of wives;
 He took a delight to beat those,
 That never beat him in their lives.

O bullying *John duke of Marlborough*!

Boufflers a civil good man,
 And safe in his trenches close;
 From *Mons* he made run like a footman,
 Tho' bulwark'd as high as his nose.

Uncivil *John duke of Marlborough*!

To every tender Christian ear,
 When crimes like these shall come;
 I know not how they abroad may appear,
 I'm sure they sound odly at home,

These deeds of *John duke of Marlborough*.

Some facts to make the *French* undone,
 I've proved upon him well;
 And truly what 'tis he has not done,
 Impossible 'tis to tell.

Of this *John duke of Marlborough*.

To

To prove that all these things are so,
 And not what folks devise;
 Was he ever the man that once spared the foe,
 Or ever affronted the allies?

This same *John* duke of *Marlborough*.
Gent, Bruges, and Tournay,
 And of late the strong *Boucain*;
 He of his own head made obey,
 Tho' wanting his brother *Eugene*.
 Hot-headed *John* duke of *Marlborough*!

Of these immoral things he brags,
 'Cause we take no notice at all;
 You see with his pitiful *French* bloody rags,
 How he litter'd poor *Westminster* hall.
 Slovenly *John* duke of *Marlborough*!

Nay more he still would fly at,
 And all to mend the peace;
 Lord, how can we ever be at quiet,
 If we pardon such crimes as these.
 In this same *John* duke of *Marlborough*?

Twelve years it sadly true is,
 He us'd bombs, mortars, and lines;
 And baffled poor king *Lewis*,
 He has spoiled the pretender's designs.
 O meddlesome *John* duke of *Marlborough*!

Success still makes him bolder,
 And by the *Monseur's* fall,
 He passes on this isle for a soldier,
 But it seems he knows nothing at all.
 Earl *P* — says so of *Marlborough*.

This year for war he voted,
 But we resolved on none;
 For *Monseur* was sure to be routed,
 And then high-church had been undone.
 By *English John* duke of *Marlborough*.

You see the troops don't need him,
 He is out, and in *France* they laugh;
 And send any other to head them,
 And I'll warrant old *Bourbon* is safe.
 Keep back but *John* duke of *Marlborough*.

For he, as fame confesses,
 That kingdom meant to devour ;
 For which and his heinous successes,
 He is broke, and our fears are all o'er.
 Thus fell *John* duke of *Marlborough*.

S O N G CXC VII.

THE story of king *Arthur* old
 Is very memorable,
 The number of his valiant knights
 And roundness of his table:
 His knights around his table in
 A circle sat, de'e see,
 And all together made up one
 Large hoop of chivalry.
 He had a sword both large and sharp,
 Ycleped *Calibourn* ;
 'Twould cut a flint more easily
 Than penknife cuts a corn.
 As case-knife does a capon carve,
 So would it carve a rock,
 And split a man at single slash,
 From noddle down to nock.
 He was the cream of *Brecknock*,
 Flower of all the *Welch*.
 But *George* he did the dragon fell,
 And gave him a plaguy squelch.
St. George he was for England,
St. Dennis was for France,
Sing honi soit qui mal y pense.
Tamerlane with *Tartarian* bow
 The *Turkish* squadrons slew,
 And fetch'd the pagan crescent down
 With half moon made of yew.
 This trusty bow proud *Turks* did gall
 With showers of arrows thick,
 And bow-strings, without strangling, sent
Grand Viziers to old *Nick* ;

Much

Much turbants, and much pagan pates
 He made to tumble in dust,
 And heads of *Saracens* he fixt
 On spear as on a sign-post.
 He coop't in cage *Bajazet*, the prop
 Of *Mabomet's* religion,
 As if't had been the whispering bird,
 That prompted him, the pigeon.
 In turkey-leather scabbard lie
 Did sheath his blade so trenchant,
 But *George* he swing'd the dragon's tail,
 And cut off every inch on't.
St. George, &c.

Achilles of old *Chiron* learn'd
 The great horse for to ride,
 H'was taught by *Centaur's* rational part
 The hinnible to besstride.
 Bright silver feet and smiling face
 Had that stout heroe's mother;
 As rapier's silver'd at one end
 And wounds you with the other,
 Her feet were bright, his feet were swift
 As hawk pursuing sparrow,
 Hers had the metal, his the speed
 Of *Barfoot's* silver arrow.
Tbetis to double pedagogue
 Commits her dearest boy,
 Who bred him from a tender twig
 To be the scourge of *Troy*.
 But e'er he lash'd the *Trojans*, h'was
 In *Stygian* water steep't,
 As birch' is soaked first in piss
 When boys are to be whipt.
 With skin exceeding hard he rose
 From lake as black and muddy,
 As lobsters from the ocean rise
 With shell about their body:
 And as from lobsters broken claw
 Pick out the shell you might,
 So you might from one unshell'd heel
 Dig pieces of the knight.

His myrmidons robb'd *Priam's* barns
 And hen-roosts, says the song,
 Carried away both corn and eggs,
 Like ants, from whence they sprung.
 Himself tore *Hector's* pantaloons
 And sent him down bare-breech't
 To pedant *Radamanthus* in
 A posture to be switch'd ;
 But *George* he made the dragon look
 As if he had been bewitch'd.
St. George, &c.

The Amazon *Tbalestis* was
 Both beautiful and bold,
 She fear'd her breasts with iron hot
 And bang'd her foes with cold.
 Her hand was like the tool wherewith
Jove keeps proud mortals under ;
 It shone just like his lightning,
 And batter'd like his thunder.
 Her eye darts lightning, that would blight
 The proudest he that swagger'd,
 And melt the rapier of the soul
 In its corporeal scabbard.
 With beauty, that great *Lapland*-charm,
 Poor men she did bewitch all,
 Still a blind whining lover had
 As *Pallas* had her screech-owl.
 Her beauty, and her drum, to foes
 Did cause amazement double ;
 As timorous larks affrighted are
 With light, and eke with low-bell.
 She kept the chastness of a nun,
 In armour, as in cloyster ;
 But *George* undid the dragon, just
 As you'd undo an oyster.
St. George, &c.

Full fatal to the *Romans* was
 The Carthaginian *Hanni*.
Sal, him I mean, who gave to them
 That devilish thump at *Cannæ*,

Moore

Moors thick as goats on *Penmanmore*
 Stood on the *Alps's* front,
 Their * one ey'd guide, like blinking moles,
 Bor'd through the hind'ring mount ;
 Who baffled by the mossy rock,
 Took vinegar for re'ief,
 As plow-men when they hew their way
 Through stubborn rump of beef.
 As dancing lowts from humid toes
 Cast atoms of ill savour
 To blinking † *Hyatt*, when on vile crowd
 He merriment does endeavour,
 And on harmonious timber saws
 A wretched tune to quiver :
 Just so the *Romans* sunk at sight
 Of *African Canniwer*.
 The tawny surface of his phiz
 Did serve him for a vizzard ;
 But *George* he made the dragon have
 A grumbling in his gizzard.
 St. George, &c.

The valour of *Domitian*
 It must not be forgotten,
 Who from the jaws of worm-blowing fly
 Freed suppliant veal and mutton.
 A squadron of flies errant,
 Against the foe appears,
 With regiments of buzzing knights
 And swarms of volunteers.
 The warlike *Wasp* encourag'd 'em
 With animating hum,
 And the loud brazen *Hornet* next
 He was their kettle-drum.
 The *Spanish Don Cantbarido*
 Did him most sorely pester,
 And rais'd on skin of vent'rous knight
 Full many a plaguy blister.

* *Hannibal*.

† A one ey'd fellow who pretended to make *Fiddles*, as well as play on 'em ; well known in *Oxon*.

A *Bee* whipt through his button-hole
 As through key-hole a witch,
 And stab'd him with her little tuck,
 Drawn out of scabbard breech.
 But the undaunted knight lifts up
 An arm both big and brawny,
 And slasht her so, that here lay head
 And there lay bag and honey.
 Then 'mongst the rout he flew as swift
 As weapon made by *Cyclops*,
 And bravely quell'd seditious buz
 By dint of massy *Fly-Flops*.
 Surviving flies do curses breathe,
 And maggots too at *Cæsar*;
 But *George* he shav'd the dragon's beard,
 And *Askelon* was his razor.
St. George, &c.

The *Gemini* sprung of an egg,
 Were put into a cradle,
 Their brains with knocks and bottl'd ale
 Were oft'n times full addle.
 And, scarcely hatch'd, these sons of him
 That hurls the bold trifurcate,
 With helmet-shell and tender head,
 Did tustle with the red-ey'd polecat.
Castor a horseman, *Pollux* tho'
 A boxer was that wist,
 The one was fam'd for iron heel
 Th' other for leaden fist;
Pollux, to shew he was a god,
 When he was in a passion,
 With fist made noses fall down flat
 By way of adoration.
 This fist as true as *French* disease
 Demolish'd noses ridges,
 He, like a certain * lord, was fam'd
 For breaking down of bridges.

* Lord L...ce broke down the bridges about Oxford at the beginning of the Revolution.

Castor

Cast^{off} the flame of fiery steed
 With well-spur'd boots took down,
 As men with leathern buckets do
 Quench fire in a town.
 His famous horse that liv'd on oats
 Is sung on oaten quill,
 By bard's immortal provender
 The nag surviveth still.
 This brood of eggs on none but rogues
 Employ'd their brisk artillery,
 And flew as naturally at bregues,
 As eggs at knaves in pillory.
 Much sweat they spent in furious fight,
 Much blood they did effund,
 Their whites they vented thro' the pores;
 Their yolks thro' gaping wounds.
 Then both were cleans'd from blood and dust
 To make a heavenly sign,
 The lads, just like their arms, were scour'd,
 And then hang'd up to shine.
 Such were the heavenly double dicks,
 The sons of *Jove* and *Tindar*;
 But *George* he cut the dragon up
 As if't had been *Duck* or *Windar*.
 St *George*, &c.

Pendragon, like his father *Jove*,
 Was fed with milk of goat,
 And like him made a noble shield
 Of the goat's shaggy coat.
 On top of burnisht helmet, he
 Did wear a crest of leeks,
 And onions heads, with dreadful nod
 Drew tears from hostile cheeks.
 Itch and *Welsh* blood did make him hot,
 And very prone by ire,
 H'was ting'd with brimstone like a match,
 And would as soon take fire.
 And brimstone he took inwardly
 When scurf gave him occasion,
 His postern puff of wind was a
 Sulphureous exhalation.

The Briton never tergivers'd,
 But was for adverse drubbing,
 And never turn'd his back for aught
 But to a post for scrubbing.
 His sword would serve for battle, or
 For dinner if you please;
 When it had had slain a *Cbesbire* man,
 Would toast a *Cbesbire* cheese.
 He wounded; and in their own blood,
 Did anabaptize pagans;
 But *George* he made the dragon an
 Example of all dragons.
St. George, &c.

Gorgon a twisted adder wore
 For knot upon her shoulder;
 She kemb'd her hissing perriwig,
 And curled snakes did powder.
 These snakes they made stiff changelings
 Of all the folks they hift on,
 They turned *Barbers* into hones
 And *Masons* into free-stone.
 Sworded magnetick *Amazon*
 Her shield to loadstone changes,
 Then amorous sword by magick belt
 Clung fast unto her haunches.
 This shield *Long Village* did protect,
 And kept the army from town,
 And chang'd the bullies into rocks
 That came t'invade * *Long Compton*.
 She post-diluvian stone unmans,
 And *Pyrrbus's* work unravels,
 And turns *Deucalion's* hardy boys
 Back to their primitive pebbles.
 Red noses she to rubies turn'd,
 Red noddles into bricks;
 But *George* made the dragon laxative,
 And gave him a bloody flix.
St. George, &c.

* *A place in Oxfordshire, famous for a parcel of
 Stones. Vide Dr. Plot's History of Oxfordshire.*

Brave *Warwick Guy* at dinner time
 Challeng'd a giant savage,
 When strait came out th' unweildy lowt
 Brimful of wrath and cabbage:
 He had a phiz of latitude
 And was full thick in the middle;
 The cheeks of puffed trumpeter,
 And paunch of * squire beadle.
 But the knight fell'd him like an oak,
 And did upon his back tread,
 The valiant *Guy* his weazon cut,
 But *Atropos* his packthread.
 Besides he fought with a *Dun Cow*,
 As say the poets witty,
 A dreadful *Dun*, and horned too,
 Like † *Dun* of *Oxford* city.
 The fervent Dog-days made her mad,
 By causing heat of weather,
Sirius and *Procyon* baited her,
 As bull-dogs did her father.
 Graziers nor butchers this fell beast
 E're of her frolick hindred;
 ‡ *John Derset* she'd knock down as flat,
 As *John* knocks down her kindred.
 Her heels would lay you all along
 And kick into a swoon:
 Cow-heels of † *Fruins* keep up your cook,
 But here 'twould beat you down.
 She vanquish'd many a sturdy knight,
 And proud was of the honour,
 Was puff'd by mauling butchers so,
 As if themselves had blown her.
 At once she kickt, and pusht at *Guy*,
 But all that would not fright him,
 Who wav'd his whinniard o'er fir *Lein*
 As if he had gone to knight him.

* Men of bulk, answerable to their places, as is
 well known in Oxon. † Tradesmen.

‡ The Butcher that then served the College.

§ A Cook who on Fast-Nights was famous for
 selling Cow-beel and Tripe.

He let her blood, frenzy to cure,
 And eke he did her gall rip ;
 His trenchant blade, like cooks long spit,
 Ran through the monster's bald rib.
 He rear'd up the vast crooked rib
 Instead of arch triumphal :
 But *George* he hit the dragon such a knock,
 As made him on his bum fall.
St. George, &c.

Great *Hercules* the offspring was
 Of *Jove* and fair *Alcmena* ;
 One part of him celestial was,
 One part of him terrene-a.
 To scale the walls of his cradle
 Two fiery snakes combin'd,
 And just like unto swaddling bands
 About the infant twin'd ;
 But he put out these dragons fires
 And their hissing stopt,
 As red hot iron with hissing noise
 Is quench'd in black-smith's shop.
 He cleans'd a stable, and rubb'd down
 Th' horses of guests, and new-comers ;
 For out of horsedung he rais'd fame,
 As * *Tom Wrench* does cucumbers.

He made a river help him, though
Alpheus was under groom :
 The stream disgust at office mean
 Went murmuring through the room.
 This liquid hostile to prevent
 Being tir'd with a long work,
 His father *Neptune's* trident took
 Instead of three tooth'd dung-fork.
 This *Hercules*, as soldier and
 Spinster could take pains ;
 His club it sometimes would spin flax,
 And sometimes knock out brains,

* *Paradise Gardener.*

I

H'was

H'was forc'd to spin his miss a shift
 By *Juno's* wrath and her spite ;
 Fair *Omphale* whip'd him to his wheel
 As cooks whip barking turn-spit.
 From man or churn he well knew how
 To get him lasting fame ;
 He'd baste a giant till the blood,
 And milk till butter came.

And often he had boxed,
 Tap'd a fresh monster once a week,
 As * *Harvey* does a hogshhead.
 To stiff *Antæus* he gave such a kick,
 As folks do in *Cornwall*,
 But *George* he did the dragon kill
 As dead as any door-nail.
St. George, &c.

By boar-spear *Meleager* acquir'd
 An everlasting name,
 And out of haunch of basted swine
 He had eternal fame.
 The beast the hero's trowsers ript
 Prick'd out the wem, and out there came
 Heroick guts and garbage :
 Legs were secur'd by iron boots
 No more than pease by peascods.

Wou'd crackle in's mouth like chefnuts
 His tawney hairs erected were
 By rage that was resistless,
 And wrath, instead of cobbler's wax,
 Did stiffen his rising bristles.
 His tusks laid dogs to sleep, that whip
 Nor bugle horn could wake 'em ;
 It made them vent both their last blood
 And their last *Album Gratum*.
 But the knight yolk'd him with his spear
 of him a tame one,
 instead of cloves,
 in monster's gammon.

• A noted *Alehouse Keeper* in Oxon.

For

For monumental pillar, that
 His victory might be known,
 He raised in cylindrick form
 A collar of the brawn.
 He sent his shade to shades below
 In *Stygian* mud to wallow.
St. George he was for England,
St. Dennis was for France,
Sing honi soit qui mal y pense.

S O N G CXCVIII.

OLD stories tell, how *Hercules*
 A dragon slew at *Lerna*,
 With seven heads and fourteen eyes,
 To see and well discern a :
 But he had a club,
 This dragon to drub.
 Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye.
 But *Moor* of *Moor-ball*,
 With nothing at all,
 He slew the dragon of *Wantley*.
 This dragon he had two furious wings,
 Each one upon each shoulder,
 With a sting in his tail, as long as a flail,
 Which made him bolder and bolder ;
 He had long claws,
 And in his jaws
 Four and forty teeth of iron,
 With a hide as tough
 As any buff,
 Which did him round inviron.
 Have you not heard that the trojan horse
 Held seventy men in his belly ?
 This dragon was not quite so big,
 But very near, I tell ye :
 Devour did he
 Poor children three
 That could not with him grapple,
 And at one sup
 He eat them up
 As one should eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat,
 Some say he eat up trees,
 And that the forest sure he would
 Devour up by degrees.
 For houses and churches,
 Were to him geese and turkies ;
 He eat all, and left none behind,
 But some stones, dear Jack,
 Which he could not crack,
 Which on the hills you will find.

In *Yorkshire*, near fair *Rotberam*,
 The place I know it well,
 Some two or three miles, or thereabouts,
 I vow I cannot tell ;
 But there is a hedge,
 Just on the hill edge,
 And *Matthews's* house is hard by it,
 Oh ! there and then
 Was this dragon's den,
 You could not chuse but spy it.

Some say this dragon was a witch,
 Some say he was a devil,
 For from his nose a smoke arose,
 And with it burning snivel,
 Which he cast off,
 When he did cough,
 In a well that he did stand by,
 Which made it look
 Just like a brook
 Running with burning brandy.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,
 Of whom all towns did ring, (huff,
 For he'd wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick, cuff,
 Call son of a whore, do any kind of thing :
 By the tail and the main,
 With his hands twain,
 He swung a horse till he was dead ;
 And that which is stranger,
 He for very anger
 Eat him all up but his head.

These

These children, as I told, being eat,

Men, women, girls and boys,
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,

And made a hideous noise :

O save us all,

Moor of Moor-hall,

Thou peerless knight of this wood ;

Do but slay this dragon,

We won't leave us a rag on,

We'll give you all our goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want ;

But I want, I want insooth,

A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk,

And smiles about the mouth ;

Hair as black as sloe,

Both above and below,

With a blush her cheeks adorning,

To'point me o'er night,

E're I go to fight,

And to dress me in the morning.

This being done, he did engage

To hew this dragon down.

But first he went new armour to

Bespeak at *Sheffield* town ;

With spikes all about,

Not within, but without,

Of steel so sharp and strong,

Both behind and before,

Arms, legs, all o'er,

Some five or six inches long.

Had you but seen him in this dress,

How fierce he look'd and big,

You would have thought him for to be

An egyptian porcupig :

He frightened all,

Cats, dogs, and all :

Each cow, each horse, and each hog,

For fear did flee,

For they took him to be

Some strange outlandish hedge-hog.

To see this fight, all people there
 Got upon trees and houses,
 On churches some, and chimnies too,
 But they put on their trowzes,
 Not to spoil their hose.

As soon as he rose,

To make him strong and mighty,
 He drank by the tale,
 Six pots of ale,

And a quart of *Aqua Vitæ*.

It is not strength that always wins,
 For wit doth strength excell;
 Which made our cunning champion
 Creep down into a well,

Where he did think
 This dragon would drink.

And so he did in truth;
 And as he stoop'd low,
 He rose up, and cry'd *Boe*,
 And hit him in the mouth.

Oh, quoth the dragon, pox take you, come out,
 Thou that disturb'st me in my drink.

And then he turn'd and shit at him,
 Good lack how he did stink!

Beshrew thy soul,

Thy body is foul,

Thy dung is not like balsam.

Thou son of a whore,

Thou stink'st so sore,

Sure thy diet it is unwholsome.

Our politic knight on the other side,

Crept out upon the brink,

And gave the dragon such a doubt,

He knew not what to think:

By cock, quoth he,

Say you so, do you see?

And then at him he let fly

With hand and with foot,

And so they went to't;

And the word it was, *Hey Boys, bry.*

Your

Your words, quoth the dragon, I dont understand ;
Then to't they fell all

Like two wild bears so fierce, if I may

Compare great things with small :

Two days and a night,

With this dragon did fight

Our champion on the ground ;

Tho' their strength it was great,

Yet their skill it was neat,

They neither had one wound.

At length the hard earth began for to quake,

The dragon gave him such a knock,

Which made him to reel,

And strait he thought to lift him as high as a

And thence to let him fall.

[weather-cock,

But *Moor of Moor-hall*,

Like a valiant son of *Mars*,

As he came like a lout,

So he turn'd him about,

And hit him a kick on the arse.

Oh ! quoth the dragon, with a sigh,

And turn'd six times together,

Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing,

Out of his throat of leather :

Moor of Moor-hall,

O, thou rascal,

Would I had seen you never !

With the thing at thy foot

Thou hast prick'd my arse-gut.

Oh, I am quite undone for ever !

Murder, murder, the dragon cry'd,

Alack, alack, for grief ;

Had you but mis'd that place, you could

Have done me no mischief :

Then his head he shak'd,

Trembl'd and quak'd,

And down he laid and cry'd,

First on one knee,

Then on back tumbled he.

So groan'd, kick'd, shit and dy'd.

SONG CXIX.

AH! my fickle *Jenny*,
 While there was not any
 In all the north had power to win thee,
 But *Jocky* only to his arms :
 There's ne'er a laird in the nation,
 Was in so happy station,
 As *Jocky* in possession
 Of *Jenny* with her hourly charms.

Had you still address'd me,
 As you once caress'd me,
 No other laird had e'er possess'd me ;
 But thine alone I'd only been ;
 Had I only been in vogue w'ye,
 Or had you let none else colloque ye,
 Nor rambl'd after *Catb'rins Ogue*,
 Ide a speed as well as any queen.

Moggy of Dumfarlin
 She is my only darling,
 Who sings as sweet as any starling,
 And dances with a bonny air :
Moggy is so kind and tender,
 If fate was ready now to end her,
 Could I but from the stroke defend her,
 Ide dye if he wou'd *Moggy* spare.

Sawney me caresses,
 Whose bagpipe so pleases,
 That never my poor heart at ease is,
 But when we are together blest.
 I so heartily befriend him,
 If fate was ready now to end him,
 Cou'd I but from the stroke defend him,
 A thousand times Ide suffer death.

Come, let's leave this fooling,
 My heart ne'er was cooling,
 None else but *Jenny* e'er was ruling ;
 And thus our hearts we fondly try.

To thy arms if thou restore me,
 Shou'd all the lairds o' th' land adore me,
 Nay our geud king himself send for me,
 With thee alone I'de lig and die.

S O N G C C.

A T noon one sultry summer's day,
 The brightest lady of the *May*,
 Young *Cloris*, beautiful and gay,
 Sat knotting in a shade :
 Her pretty fingers play'd their part
 With such activity of art
 As wou'd have gain'd a lover's heart,
 And warm the most decay'd.
 At length her fav'rite swain came by,
 She had him quickly in her eye,
 She started up, and thus did cry,
 Sweet youth, be not afraid.
 Sweet gentle youth, 'tis none but thee
 With whom in love I dare be free,
 With such delight and modesty,
 Come sit you down, she said ;
 And lean thy head all in my lap,
 While thy soft cheek I'll stroke and clap,
 You may securely take a nap.
 Which he (poor soul !) obey'd.
 She let her ivory needle fall,
 And threw away her twisted ball,
 And gave her *Sirepbon* such a call,
 As wou'd awake the dead.
 She saw him yawn and heard him snore,
 And found him fast asleep all o'er:
 She started up, and wou'd no more.
 Sweet gentle youth, she said,
 Such virtue should rewarded be ;
 For this thy dull fidelity,
 I'll trust you with your flocks, not me ;
 Go, mind your grazing trade.
 Go milk your goats and sheer your sheep,
 And watch all night your flocks to keep,
 Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
 By me mistaken maid.

S O N G C C I.

JOHN Anderson, my jo,
 I wonder what you mean ;
 To rise so soon at morn,
 And sit up so late at e'en :
 You'll blear out all your eyne,
John ; and why will you do so ?
 Gang sooner tull your bed at e'en,
John Anderson, my jo.

I wit it is a bonny thing
 For to look o'er the dyke ;
 But yet it is much bonnier,
John, to feel your hammer strike :
 To feel your hammer strike, *John*,
 And riggle to and fro ;
 So wall I like your chaunter-pipe,
John Anderson, my jo.

I'm sided like a salmon,
 I'm breasted like a swan ;
 My wem is like a downy eod :
 Eye, *John*, gin ye come on-
 Fro' my top-knot to my toe,
 Is like the driven snaw ;
 'Tis aw for your conveniency,
John Anderson, my jo.

When I begin to snort, *John*,
 See that you gird me fast ;
 When I begin to snort, *John*,
 See that you gird me fast :
 See that you gird me fast, *John*,
 Till I cry oh and oh ;
 Your back shall crack, e're I cry that,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo,
 Is a right good honest mon ;
 And had as good a talc-tree
 As ony in the land :

But

But now it's waxen wain, *John*,
 And wollops to and fro ;
 There's twa go-ups, for ane go-down,
John Anderson, my jo.

S O N G CCII.

AS full of romps and roguish gibe,
 The little loves were once at play ;
 Says one among the pretty tribe,
 Hey, brothers, shall we fly to day ?

Yes, fly ; but where ? — to *Cloris'* charms.

Agreed. At once away they wing ;
 As when the bees, in eager swarms,
 Drive to the prime of all the spring.

Some here, some there, alighting clung ;
 Some clamber'd up her shining hair :
 Some at her lips luxurious hung,
 And swell'd the pouting purple there.

Heav'ns ! how she look'd with loves all bright !
 Two shook their lamps on either eye ;
 And on her forehead's sunny height
 Two held their bows suspended high.

One miss'd her cheek ; and down he fell
 Into a lovely vale below :
 A vale of sweets ! where who can tell
 What joys on joys for ever flow ?

Thence peeping out his rosy crest,
 The happy elf was heard to cry ;
 You laugh : but who is station'd best,
 Say, brothers mine, or you, or I ?

S O N G CCIII.

PHillis, for shame, let us improve,
 A thousand different ways,
 Those few short moments, snatcht by love,
 From many tedious days.

If you want courage to despise
The censures of the grave ;
For all those tyrants of your eyes,
Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride ;
Nor can it e'er submit
To let that sop, discretion, ride
In triumph over it.

False friends I have, as well as you,
That daily counsel me,
Fame and ambition to pursue,
And leave off loving thee :

But when the least regard I shew
To fools that thus advise,
May I be dull enough to grow
Most miserably wise.

S O N G CCIV.

PRay listen to my story well,
Of merry *Andrew Snap*,
Whom holy breth'ren did compel
To fall into a trap :
We know who did contrive the scheme,
Tho' he must now be whipt for them.
His father dealt in iron shoes,
In wooden does his son ;
And none but brutes will either chuse,
Or tamely put them on :
To shoeing horses *Snap* was bred,
Now shoeing asses is his trade.
The care of bums at *Eaton* school
(A sad thing to relate !)
Wou'd not permit his care of souls
Within poor *Bilingsgate* :
But that he might both parties please,
He teaches those to scold like these.
Of prayers he speaks with great respect,
To cursing most inclined ;
He tells the boys what to expect,
If not by law confined :

And since you'll own 'twas very fair,
 For cursing is but heat of prayer.
 Of love to God he next did write,
 But understands it ill ;
 'Tis sighs and groans that he means by't,
 And not to do his will :
 Such lovesome wives to husbands pay,
 Who cant and whine, but ne'er obey.
 But when he comes to power of church,
 He makes a fearful rout ;
 If then he had but scepter birch,
 O ! how he'd lay about !
 What, not believe what church does teach ?
 My lord, turn up, have at your b——h.
 If you will not submit your faith,
 To us, Christ's vicegerents ;
 Nor mind what holy parsons say,
 How shall we have our rents ?
 In truth, my lord, you are a rogue,
 Take that by way of epilogue.

S O N G C C V .

WHEN first I laid siege to my *Cloris*,
 Cannon-oaths I brought down
 To batter the town ;
 And I storm'd her with amorous stories.
 Billets-doux, like small-shot, did so ply her ;
 And sometimes a song
 Went whistling along ;
 But still I was never the nigher.
 At length she sent word by a trumpet,
 If I lik'd that life,
 She wou'd be my wife ;
 But she wou'd not be any man's strumpet.
 I told her that *Mars* cou'd not marry ;
 And swore by my scars
 Got in combats and wars,
 That I'd rather dig stones in a quarry.

At

At length she granted the favour,
 Without the sad curse
 For better for worse,
 And sav'd the dull parson the labour.

S O N G CCVI.

A Lovely lass to a fryar came
 To confess in a morning early ;
 In what, my dear, are you to blame ?
 Now tell to me sincerely :
 I have done, sir, what I dare not name,
 With a man that loves me dearly.

The greatest fault in myself I know,
 Is what I now discover.
 You for that fault to Rome must go,
 And discipline must suffer.
 Lack-a-day, sir, if it must be so,
 With me pray send my lover.

S O N G CCVII.

T Here was a fryar a walking, a walking,
 A reading of his book ;
 And there was a fair maid a washing, a washing,
 A washing of her smock.
Sing, stow the fryar, &c.

The fryar he said to the fair maid,
 What makes your thighs so red ?
 Quoth she, I carry fire in my tail,
 To light a fryar a bed.
Sing, stow the fryar, &c.

Then he pull'd out his wimble wamble,
 As much as he cou'd hondle ;
 And if you carry fire in your tail,
 Come light me this same candle.
Sing, stow the fryar, &c.

Then she let out a nutbrown t——d,
 Out of her nutbrown hole :
 And if you wou'd your candle light,
 Come blow up this same coal.
Sing, stow the fryar, &c.

The fryar he blew both east and west,
 The fryar he blew both north and south :
 The fryar he blew so fast at last,
 That the sparks flew into his mouth.
Sing, flow the fryar, &c.

S O N G CCVIII.

'T Was within a furlong of *Edinburgh* town,
 In the merry month of *June*, when the grafs
 Bonny *Jocky*, blith and gay, (was down ;
 Said to *Jenny*, making hay ;
 Let's sit a little
 Here and prattle,
 'Tis a sultry day.

Long had he courted the nutbrown maid ;
 But *Jocky* was a wag, and did not design to wed :
 Which made her pish and poo,
 And cry it ne'er shall do :
 For I cannot, wonnot ; wonnot, cannot ; wonnot
 buckle to.

He told her that marriage was grown a meer joke,
 And that no body did wed, but the scoundrel folk.
 If my dearest thou'd prevail —
 But I know not what I ail —
 I thou'd dream of clogs
 And silly dogs,
 With bottles at their tail.

But I'll give thee beads, and a bongrace to wear ;
 And a little silly foal to ride out and take the air :
 If you will not pish and poo,
 And cry it ne'er shall do :
 For I cannot, &c.

That you'd give me tripkets, says she, I do believe :
 But, ah ! what in return must your poor *Jenny* give ?
 When my maiden treasure's gone,
 I must gang to *London* town ;
 And roar, and rant,
 And patch, and paint,
 And kiss for half a crown ;

Each

Each drunken bully oblige for pay ;
 And earn a hated life, in an odious filthy way :
 O no, it ne'er shall do !
 But a wife I'll be to you :
 For I cannot, wonnot, wonnot, cannot, wonnot
 buckle to.

S O N G CCIX.

ALL attendant apart
 I examin'd my heart
 Last night, when I laid me to rest :
 And methinks I'm inclin'd
 To a change of my mind ;
 For, you know, second thoughts are the best.
 To retire from the crowd,
 And to make ourselves good,
 By avoiding ev'ry temptation ;
 Is in truth to reveal,
 What we'd better couceal,
 That our passions want some regulation.
 It wou'd much more redeound
 To our praise, to be found
 (In a world so abounding with evil)
 Unspotted and pure,
 Tho' not so demure ;
 And to wage open war with the devil.
 So bidding farewell
 To the thoughts of a cell,
 I'll prepare for this militant life :
 And if brought to distress,
 Why then—— I'll confess,
 And do penance in shape of a wife.

S O N G CCX.

THere was a fair maid of *Islington*,
 And *Margaret* was her name :
 And she was a ganging to *London town*,
 Her apples and pears to sell,

As she was ganging along the road,

A vintner did her espy :

And what shall I give, fair maid, says he,

One touch with you to try ?

If you one touch with me wou'd try,

You must give me five pound.

A match, a match, quoth the vintner strait ;

So laid her upon the ground.

Now that you have had your desire of me,

You must my five pound give.

O no, o no, quoth the vintner strait ;

The devil a peny you'll have.

The fair maid hearing what he said,

To a justice straitway went :

“ This man has hir'd a cellar of me,

“ And will not pay the rent.”

The vintner hearing what she said,

Straitway reply'd again :

“ Into her cellar I ne'er did put

“ But one poor pipe of wine.”

The fair maid hearing what he said,

Straitway reply'd again :

“ There lay two butts at the cellar door,

“ Why did not you shove them in ?”

The justice hearing what both said,

Made the vintner draw his purse :

She clap'd her hand to her cellar door,

And swore it was never the worse.

S O N G CCXI.

THree children sliding on the ice,

All on a summer's day ;

It so fell out they all fell in,

The rest they ran away.

But had these children been at church,

Or sliding on dry ground,

I durst to wage a hundred mark

They had not then been drown'd.

You

You parents that have children dear,
 And eke you that have none,
 If you would have them safe abroad,
 Pray keep them safe at home.

SONG CCXII.

Great God of Sleep (since it must be,
 That we must give some hours to thee)
 Invade me not while the free bowl
 Glows in my cheeks and warms my soul !
 Be that the only time to snore,
 When I can laugh and drink no more :
 Short, very short, be then thy reign,
 For I'm in haste to drink again.

But oh ! if melting in my arms,
 In some soft dream with all her charms,
 The nymph below'd should then surprize,
 And grant what waking she denies ;
 Then, gentle Slumber, pr'ythee stay ;
 Slowly, ah ! slowly bring the day :
 Let no rude noise my bliss destroy ;
 Such sweet delusion's real joy.

SONG CCXIII.

Of a noble race was *Shinkin*,
 Of the line of *Owen Tudor* :
 But hur renown is fled and gone,
 Since cruel love pursu'd hur.

Fair *Winny*'s eyes bright shining,
 And lily breasts alluring,
 Poor *Shinkin*'s heart with fatal dart
 Have wounded past all curing.

Hur was the prettiest fellow
 At stool-ball and at cricket ;
 At hunting-race, or foot-ball chace,
 Gods sput, how hur could kick it !

But

But now all joys are flying,
All pale and wan hur cheeks too ;
Hur heart so akes, hur quite forsakes
Hur herrings and hur leeks too.

No more shall sweet metheglin
Be drank at good *Montgom'ry* ;
And if love's fore last six days more,
Adieu cream-cheese and flumm'ry !

S O N G CCXIV.

PRæclarus ortu *Sbinkin*,
E stirpe *Theodori* :
Sed cessit à me splendor famæ
Venereo furori.

Splendentis *Winifridæ*
Ocelli perculère :
Cor (heu !) crudeli ictu teli
Desperat ars mederi.

Tam clarus erat nemo
Seu pili, seu bacilli ;
Cursu pedestri, aut equestri,
Haud quisquam compar illi.

Sed gaudia fugerunt,
Emaciantur genæ :
Cor (heu !) sic dolet, non ut solet
Jam cepe olet bene.

Non posthac deglutienda
Promulsis de *Montgomery* :
Si desit quies plus sex dies,
Æternùm valeat Flummery.

SONG

SONG CCXV.

Περικλεις ἦν Χεινιν,
Θεοδώριδος γένος.
Ἀλλ' ὑπ' ἑραῖος ἡμετέρωτος
Οὐ γυν, ἔδ' ἔχει μινος.

Καλλίστης Οὐνιφρίδης
Ὁρθαλμῶ πυρὸς μίση
Τε κραδίην ἔτασατ' ἄν
Ὀτίλην ἀνέκυσσε.

Παλαί μιν ἐν ἀγῶσι
Παντ' ἀθλα λαβεῖν δίκην.
Τῷ γὰρ τρεχόντι, ἢ βαλλόντι,
Αἰ παρὴν ἡ νίκη.

Νυν δ' ἐν αὐτῇ παρειαίς
Ἴδ' το χλωρον τοδὶ.
Καρδί' ἀλγὺ τυρον μισαί.
Κρομμυα δ' ἔκ' ἐν ἑσπέρῃ.

Τδρομεὶς ἔκ' αἰ
Πιπταί ἐν Μοῦσημερι.
Καν ἡ φλοξ δεινὴ ἐξημαρτίαν
Τὸ λοιπὸν χαίρει φλυμερι.

SONG CCXVI.

WHEN, dearest, I but think of thee,
Methinks all things that lovely be
Are present, and my soul delighted :
For beauties that from worth arise,
Are like the grace of deities,
Still present with us, tho' unfighted.

Thus whilst I sit, and sigh the day
With all his borrow'd lights away,
Till night's black wings do overtake me,
Thinking on thee ; thy beauties then,
As sudden lights do sleepy men,
So they by their bright rays awake me.

Thus

Thus absence dies, and dying proves
 No absence can subsist with loves
 That do partake of fair perfection ;
 Since in the darkest night they may,
 By love's quick motion, find a way
 To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with each flood
 Bathe some high promont, that has stood
 Far from the main up in the river :
 Oh think not then but love can do
 As much, for that's an ocean too,
 Which flows not every day, but ever.

S O N G CCXVI.

'TIS now, since I sat down before
 That foolish fort, a heart,
 (Time strangely spent!) a year, and more ;
 And still I did my part :

Made my approaches, from her hand
 Unto her lip did rise ;
 And did already understand
 The language of her eyes.

Proceeded on with no less art,
 My tongue was engineer ;
 I thought to undermine the heart,
 By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
 Great cannon-oaths, and shot
 A thousand thousand to the town,
 And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the place,
 By cutting off all kisses,
 Praising and gazing on her face,
 And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
 I drew all batteries in :
 And brought myself to lie at length,
 As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
 And thought the place mine own,
 The enemy lay quiet too,
 And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
 These hopes, and this relief?
 A spy inform'd, Honour was there,
 And did command in chief.

March, march (quoth I;) the word straight give,
 Let's lose no time, but leave her:
 That giant upon air will live,
 And hold it out for ever.

To such a place our camp remove
 As will no siege abide;
 I hate a fool that starves her love,
 Only to feed her pride.

S O N G CCXVII.

Honest lover whosoever,
 If in all thy love there ever
 Was one wav'ring thought; if thy flame
 Were not still even, still the same:

Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss;
 And to love true,

Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when she appears i'th' room,
 Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb;
 And in striving this to cover,
 Dost not speak thy words twice over:

Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss;
 And to love true,

Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
 And all defects for graces take;
 Perswad'ft thy self that jests are broken,
 When she hath little or nothing spoken:

Know

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thou appear'st to be within,
Thou lett'st not men ask and ask again;
And when thou answer'st, if it be
To what was askt thee properly:

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'st not fingers 'stead of meat,
And with much gazing on her face
Dost not rise hungry from the place:

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover,
And desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew:

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

S O N G CCXIX.

Come, my fairest, learn of me,
Learn to give and take the bliss;
Come, my love, here's none but we,
I'll instruct thee how to kiss.

Why turn from me that dear face?
Why that blush, and down-cast eye?
Come, come, meet my fond embrace,
And the mutual rapture try.

Throw

Throw thy lovely twining arms
Round my neck, or round my waist ;
And whilst I devour thy charms,
Let me closely be embrac'd :

Then when soft ideas rise,
And the gay desires grow strong ;
Let them sparkle in thy eyes,
Let them murmur from thy tongue.

To my breast with rapture cling,
Look with transport on my face ;
Kiss me, press me, every thing
To endear the fond embrace.

Every tender name of love,
In soft whispers let me hear ;
And let speaking nature prove
Every extasy sincere.

F I N I S.



Br
Ela

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1. The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the history of the world from the beginning of time to the present day. It is written in a simple and straightforward manner, and is intended to give the reader a general idea of the course of human events. The second part of the book is devoted to a more detailed account of the history of the world, and is written in a more elaborate and literary style. It is intended to give the reader a more complete and accurate knowledge of the world's history. The third part of the book is devoted to a description of the present state of the world, and is written in a more practical and useful manner. It is intended to give the reader a more accurate and complete knowledge of the world's present state.

